PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

SEP 28 1937

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XIV. No. 343 (New Series) SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1937 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 393
IS IT THE END OF PIRACY? 396
THE STATE OF SPAIN 397
A LONDON DIARY 398
THIS ENGLAND 400
THE BREAK-UP OF THE PRISON SYSTEM 400
A POOR JOB FOR A GIRL, BUT. . . . By Louis Borrill 401
J'ACCUSE! By Sagittarius 402
CORRESPONDENCE 403
From Interested Party; Jonathan Griffin; Albert Jarosy; S. Dell; C. K. Brown; John R. Baker; Dorothy Bussy; Ronald Kidd; Richard Jefferies and others; Giovanni Semich.
THE ABOMINABLE LAKE. By Stevie Smith . . 405
TIME AND DRAMA. By Desmond MacCarthy . 405
PLAYS AND PICTURES . . . . . Page 407
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By G. W. Stonier . . . 408
REVIEWS:
New Novels. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor . . 409
The Defeat of Pacifism. By Leonard Woolf . 410
The Militant Christ. By Kingsley Martin . . 412
Pictures from Catalonia. By Graham Bell . . 414
Writing for Proletarians. By C. E. M. Joad . 416
Mr. Clynes Remembers — and Forgets. By G. D. H. Cole 418
Stylish Ants. By A. Ross Williamson . . . 418
SHORTER NOTICES 420
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 420
CROSSWORD 423
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Dives . . . 424

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

AFTER a month of bitter fighting in and round Shanghai the Chinese armies have withdrawn in good order some three miles to new defensive lines. In their new positions they will be out of range of the guns of the Japanese fleet. Ill-armed, out-matched in the air and exposed to the fire of some fifty warships, the Chinese have fought with great gallantry and considerable skill. Unless they run seriously short of ammunition, their chances of making a successful defence should improve as they draw the invaders away from the sea. In the North, meanwhile, the Japanese are advancing, it would seem, with comparative ease in several directions simultaneously. But they have not yet encountered the seasoned Red troops, now embodied in the Chinese national forces as the Eighth Route Army, which are marching from Shensi to meet them. In the long run this apparent consolidation of a united front against the Japanese invasion may surpass in historic significance any of the military happenings that fix our attention in the day's news.

The U.S.A.: China and Senator Black

China's difficulties are increased by President Roosevelt's decision to forbid ships owned by the U.S. Government to take arms or munitions to Japan or China. Japan will not be inconvenienced, but the effect on China will be serious, since private shipowners will be unlikely to run the Japanese blockade of the Chinese coast without the support of the United States Government. Although American opinion is pro-Chinese, it is even more isolationist, and the President has probably strengthened his position by invoking the spirit, if not the letter, of the Neutrality Act. Mr. Roosevelt's latest trouble is a violent attack on Senator Black, who is said to have been a life-member of the Ku Klux Klan, and therefore to be an improper appointment to the Supreme Court. This agitation, however, is likely to prove a boomerang, for Senator Black can show, we understand, that he has never been a member of the K.K.K. and that his opponents in Alabama have always been K.K.K. leaders. The campaign against Senator Black originates in a passionate desire to discredit Mr. Roosevelt and to promote the Republican cause among Jews, Catholics and Negroes in New York, who will be more inclined to vote against a Democratic Mayor if they can be induced to believe that Mr. Roosevelt has appointed a member of the once hated K.K.K. Senator Black is returning from his European holiday to the United States shortly; a complete refutation of the charge will turn the tables very effectively.

The Eighteenth Assembly of the League

The Assembly of the League of Nations meets this year under the presidency of the Aga Khan—a popular

figure and a competent chairman, if not a great statesman. It is faced with a row of grim problems, for none of which it can provide any solution. Indeed, it cannot even talk about them to any purpose, to such impotence have the Great Powers reduced it. The Spanish Republic and the Chinese Republic will make their protests and their appeals in vain, whatever sympathy may be felt for them. The unfortunate Haile Selassie has abandoned the hopeless task of pleading for his lost country at Geneva; the Italians will continue lobbying for *de jure* recognition of their new Empire—which, if it is not a white elephant, is hardly the milch cow it was expected to be. There has been talk of a plan—a Franco-British plan, it is called—for formally excluding Ethiopia from membership of the League, on the ground (which is the unhappy truth) that it is no longer an independent State. But the decision of the ex-Emperor not to send a delegation will presumably avert a painful conflict, and the matter will be shelved.

The Palestine Mandate

Another important question, in which the League does still retain some say, is the Palestine Mandate. The Council has, in fact, had the matter under discussion this week, and Mr. Eden on Tuesday laid before it the British Government's latest proposals for partition, and asked for authority to work out the details of a scheme. He made it clear that the Government were not seeking to impose the precise boundaries laid down in the Royal Commission's report; it was pretty obvious, indeed, from the outset, that they could not do that, even if they wished to. What is now proposed is the appointment of another official body to follow up the Royal Commission's work—to visit Palestine, negotiate with Arabs and Jews, and bring back a detailed scheme. Finally, a boundary demarcation commission will be needed; but, as Mr. Eden observed, "we are still a long way from that point." The task both of the British and of the Palestine Governments is certainly going to be a difficult one, and not the least difficult part of it will be to secure agreement between Arabs and Jews. But partition, little as anyone may like it, is and will remain, we believe, the only practicable solution of the problem. The League Council has referred Mr. Eden's request to a special sub-committee (composed of the Latvian, Rumanian and Swedish representatives) which will draft the necessary resolution.

The Spanish War

The advance of the rebels on the Biscayan coast continues, and it is to be feared that before long Gijon will fall, as the Basque towns have fallen, into General Franco's hands. And presumably its inhabitants will suffer the same terrible punishment as those of Santander, where court-martials are busy day and night sentencing men and women to be shot. But the main interest of the Spanish war—for the outside world, at least—has shifted this week to the Mediterranean, where the Nyon Arrangement has come into operation, and British and French warships and aircraft are massing for the pirate hunt. Italy's possible counter-moves are the subject of much speculation. It is rumoured, as we write, that Mussolini means to make a row in the Non-Intervention Committee about his relegation to the Tyrrhenian Sea; while a much more sensational report comes from Paris that he is preparing to throw 150,000 fresh troops into Spain in order to take Madrid before the bad weather sets in. He is, no doubt, capable of this desperate exploit; but the evidence is not at present quite convincing. As to trouble in the Non-Intervention Committee, he cannot do much harm there, if Britain and France maintain their resolute attitude. But there are already rumours of new concessions to Italy.

France Hovers

The French franc goes on slumping, and on Wednesday reached its lowest point since 1926. In relation to French internal prices, it seems to be already undervalued; but there is so much doubt about the future course of prices in the country that, even in the absence of exchange speculation, no close correspondence could be looked for. The French authorities, faced with a contradiction between their attempts to hold the foreign exchange rates steady and their parallel attempts to stabilise the price of *rentes*, seem now definitely to have abandoned exchange stabilisation, apart from the tempering of short-term fluctuations. Meanwhile, internal prices have been rising, to the accompaniment of increasing protests from workers and small *rentiers;* but production is still sticky, and investment of capital, which is badly needed in order to bring French industries up to date, very sticky indeed. In matters of economic policy, the rightward trend continues. The railways, despite M. Blum's announcement a couple of months ago, seem most unlikely to be nationalised in any real sense; and a halt has been called to the taking over of armament establishments. In the sphere of finance that arch-individualist, M. Bonnet, will have nothing to do with exchange control, and must therefore accept the alternative of letting the franc find its own level. All this amounts to a gradual liquidation of most of M. Blum's reforms, except the forty-hour week, which the Radicals hate, but still dare not attack frontally. The Trade Unions remain quiet, but such an attack, at any rate, would be fatal to the Front Populaire; and the Radicals are not ready to end it yet.

Masaryk

The death of ex-President Masaryk at the ripe old age of 87 removes the last and perhaps the noblest of the leaders who rose to greatness in the world war. Some, like Clemenceau and Pilsudski, may have equalled him in dynamic vitality, but as a moral force no one in Europe approached his quality. This man's stature was not less imposing because his pedestal was a small country. Europe felt his tranquillity and sagacity and trusted the sincerity of his liberalism. Rarely has one man deserved so truly to be reckoned the liberator of his people, for if others, notably his successor, Dr. Benes, contributed greatly both to the making of Czechoslovakia and to the prestige it now enjoys, they did so as his pupils and helpers. Yet, alone among the chief makers of post-war history, Masaryk never yielded to the temptation to play the dictator. If his own people value him chiefly because he made them a nation, the civilised world owes him a great debt, because he built a democracy that will survive him. One does not associate this calm, scholarly figure with romance, yet few careers in our day include a finer page of adventure than the rise of a blacksmith's apprentice through exile to the first presidency of a republic that was his child.

German Economics

At Nuremberg, the Nazi leaders talked very big about their economic plans. The Führer, said General Goering, had plans for rebuilding Germany, which would last, not for ten years, but for decades, and would provide work for all. He scoffed at the idea that the German industrial boom was based on rearmament, which, he said, accounted for only a small fraction of current economic activity. The General painted an idyllic picture of the new German factories, with their healthy and beautiful garden settlements, where every workman would be able to feel at home as a German. Herr Hitler, talking to foreign journalists, said that when people spoke of Germany being only 10 or 15 per cent. short of foodstuffs and materials they were apt to forget that this meant food for six or seven million Germans. Europe would never settle down without a settlement of the colonial problem, in which Germany's interest was "mainly economic." Asked whether Germany would build naval bases in her colonies if they were returned to her, Herr Hitler did not answer, except by saying that Germany had a moral right to the return of her colonies, and that colonies were of no use if large armed forces were needed to hold them down. This seems to suggest some turning away from the idea of colonising the Ukraine. As for Germany's economic policy, we have definite information that Dr. Schacht has once again offered his resignation, and it is said that the announcement has only been held up till the Nuremberg Congress is over.

Hypocrisy About Colonies

Hitler's remarks about colonies have so far been so much general propaganda, a bargaining counter with Britain and not the prelude to any serious claim. If he ever does make an intelligible proposal other Governments will have to listen. Therefore, Mr. te Water, High Commissioner of South Africa, would have been justified if he had confined himself to a statement that South Africa ought to be willing to discuss any concrete German demand. But Mr. te Water's statement, even as revised for publication, goes farther than this, and the very suggestion that South Africa might ever consider giving up anything has infuriated opinion at the Cape. South Africa to-day is a highly imperialistic country with every intention of increasing, not of decreasing, its empire. Indeed, it is not many weeks ago since the British Dominions Secretary was forced to reply to General Hertzog's demand for the transfer of the native protectorates to the South African Government. Mr. MacDonald explained that the natives could only be handed over under conditions that would guarantee their rights. Since the Statute of Westminster has conferred sovereignty upon South Africa it is not easy to see what guarantee could be given.

Native Administration

Where natives are concerned South African administration does not differ very materially from Nazi administration. The only possible defence of segregation would be if it went with a fair land distribution. More than eighteen months have passed since the Native Trust and Land Act scheduled for the natives a very insufficient portion of land; not even a half of that scandalously mean portion has yet been purchased for the natives. Yet Mr. Pirow has recently stated that what has now been given the natives is their "first and final instalment of land." British administration of the protectorates is open to criticism, but it is decency itself compared to the treatment the Basuto could expect under the South African Government. There is much present agitation in South Africa for more coercive laws to make the native work. When we consider the present laws, with their astonishing permission of flogging by the employer, we must agree with the Johannesburg *Star* that:

> The simple fact is that the native's life, work and conduct are already subject to so close a measure of supervision and regulation that no further restraints can well be supplied, short of something approaching serfdom, or, at any rate, labour conscription.

South Africa will have to change her own policy if she is to have any moral claim to the protectorates or any satisfactory retort to Hitler.

Non-Unionism and the Miners

The South Wales Miners' Federation has won another round in its fight for complete unionisation of the South Wales coalfield. The few remaining non-unionists at the Ocean and United National collieries have joined the Federation, and the strike notices have accordingly been withdrawn. But the miners have now embarked on a further venture, by handing in strike notices at all the pits controlled by the powerful Powell, Duffryn group. Non-unionism exists in these collieries on a considerably larger scale, more than 10 per cent. of the workers being still outside the Federation. Nevertheless, the leaders seem confident that they will be able to bring membership up to 100 per cent. before the notices expire. Most of the workers concerned, who of course profit equally with the rest by the collective agreements negotiated by the Mineworkers' Federation, are outside the S.W.M.F., not because they disagree with its policy, but because they feel no desire to pay weekly contributions if they can get all the advantages for nothing.

The Fascist March

Because of the necessity of banning Fascist processions in the East End the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police has imposed a general ban on political processions. Centuries of experience had almost solved racial problems in England until Sir Oswald Mosley stirred the latent filth and boasted of reviving anti-Semitism, as a pervert might gleefully claim to have spread disease by opening up a sewer. That the provocation comes from the Fascists is sufficiently proved by the contrast between the racial tranquillity of the East End before Fascist propaganda and the present violent feeling which frequently finds expression in violent action against the Jews. Therefore there is a case for banning Fascist marches which cannot be sustained in the case of other political bodies, and to ban all because of Fascist provocation is to allow a tiny body of Fascists to end the civil liberties of everyone. Sir Walter Citrine is perfectly right in saying that from the point of view of civil liberty the general ban is "an exceedingly dangerous move."

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.
POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

IS IT THE END OF PIRACY?

THE anti-piracy convention was signed at Nyon on Tuesday by nine of the Mediterranean Powers, and it comes into force at once. Considering that the Conference only met last Friday, the speed with which it reached agreement is highly commendable, and indeed surprising in these days of international dilly-dally and humbug. Nor is this the only matter for congratulation. The Nyon Arrangement, as it is officially called, has on the face of it some very substantial merits. It is a recognition, partial and in a limited yet important sphere, of the collective principle. It appears to show Great Britain at last taking a lead, and working in close unison not merely with France but with Russia—playing an active part with the other "Peace Front" Powers, as Mr. Litvinov puts it. It may be that Greece, one of the Nyon signatories, is a rather doubtful member of this Front. She was expected, under German and Italian influence, to make trouble at the last moment, but the firmness of the rest nipped any intention of this sort in the bud at Athens, and Greece, for what it may be worth, is for the present on the side of the angels. As for the British Government's motives, there is no point in girding at them. The security of shipping in the Mediterranean is not a British interest alone; it is a world interest. And it is satisfactory that the Government have chosen the way of joint action for the suppression of piracy, and not the way of Imperial isolation clamoured for by Lord Beaverbrook, who cannot bear the thought of the White Ensign being used to protect dagoes, Reds and other lesser breeds without the law.

The Nyon Arrangement thus comes into force amid high hopes. Mr. Eden, in his broadcast from Geneva on Tuesday night, went so far as to say that he believed that an end had been put to piracy and, if we are not on the eve of another "dirty deal" with Italy, optimism may yet be justified of her children. But with all its merits, the scheme has certain plain weaknesses. Whether the refusal of Italy to come in is to be ranked among those weaknesses is a moot point. If she had come in with honest intentions, it would indeed be a matter for rejoicing. But who really believes in honest intentions on the part of Italy in this Spanish conflict? Her actual ground of refusal is itself dishonest, and childishly dishonest. She objects to being offered the patrol of the Tyrrhenian Sea, instead of "absolute equality with any other Power in every zone of the Mediterranean." And this is not apparently to be written down as merely wounded pride. It is not her prestige, but her "vital interests in the Mediterranean," we are told, "and the fact that the greatest amount of traffic runs along her lines of communication," which makes this parity essential. Why? Does Mussolini suggest that British and French ships are going to play the pirate, or that they want to interfere with or imperil any lines of communication, Italian or other? Or does this claim of the arch-poacher to become one of the head gamekeepers conceal some rather more sinister idea?

Whether the Italian "No" is to be regarded as quite final we do not know. The new-found firmness of the anti-piracy Powers has undoubtedly chagrined and probably astonished the Italians, as well as the Germans, who, while pretending to be more or less disinterested in the Mediterranean imbroglio, are naturally espousing Italy's cause. It is possible, and indeed likely, that Mussolini now regrets his original refusal to attend the Nyon Conference—though no doubt he would have been in a very awkward position there, with Russia forcing him to a show-down. He may on second thoughts realise that he would have been better in than out of the "Arrangement," and he may yet try to find his way in. The door is open, both to him and to Hitler; Mr. Eden has expressed "the sincere regret" of H.M. Government that Italy and Germany have declined to co-operate. For our part, we hope that, if they do change their minds, H.M. Government and the other Governments concerned will continue to be firm and vigilant. The Red Bogy rigging of the Fascist Powers, the nonsensical talk in which Hitler, for example, indulged the other day about the menace of Bolshevism and the inexperience of the English in dealing with it, or the equally nonsensical outcry in Rome about our supporting Russian machinations in the Mediterranean—all this we may make light of. When it comes to actions it is a much more serious matter. If Italy and Germany are to collaborate with us in the suppression of piracy, we have to ensure somehow that it will not be the sort of collaboration that they have practised in the maintenance of non-intervention.

But supposing that Italy remains outside the Nyon agreement, what mischief can she do? That brings us to the limitations of the agreement itself. It is in fact a scheme for the suppression of some, not of all, piracy in the Mediterranean. No Spanish ships, Government or rebel, are to be protected. That has been made a matter of complaint by many critics, and from the point of view of international justice it is a lamentable defect. But on the assumptions of the Powers which stand on non-intervention and the refusal to recognise belligerent rights, it is logical, and it is prudent. To protect Spanish Government ships against submarine attacks would clearly be a form of intervention. It might be a perfectly proper proceeding in the eyes of those of us who believe that the Spanish Republic has been unjustly treated by the non-intervention policy, both in its conception and in its application. But it is useless to argue about that now. If non-intervention was to be abandoned to the extent of including Spanish ships in the anti-piracy agreement, it would have been necessary to envisage the practical consequences—and there would have been, in the present state of affairs and of opinion, no agreement at all.

In these circumstances, it seems that Franco's and his friends' submarines can, if they choose, attack with impunity vessels sailing under the Spanish Republican flag. Those who are confident about the Nyon Arrangement believe that they will not choose, or at any rate that they will be greatly deterred by the fear inspired by the formidable French and British fleets patrolling the trade routes. We hope the event will justify this confidence. But there is another point on which the Nyon text is not explicit, and which needs to be cleared up. A submarine which attacks a ship of any nationality other than Spanish, without giving the proper warning and taking the humanitarian precautions required by the London Naval Treaty of 1930 and the Protocol of 1936, is to be

counter-attacked and if possible sunk by the patrolling warships. But supposing the submarine complies with the rules, what then? According to one view, the pirate then ceases to be a pirate; he is committing an act of war against the State whose merchantman he is attacking, and can claim no protection from the warships of any other State. Thus an Italian submarine could, on satisfying all the requisite formalities, dispose of a Russian or a Dutch or a Scandinavian ship, whilst British and French destroyers stood by and referred her master and crew to Moscow or Amsterdam or Copenhagen for redress. The other view was expressed very succinctly by M. Delbos, when he said, in answer to a question at Nyon, that it would be not only the right, but the duty, of the warships to protect ships of any nationality (except Spanish) against a submarine, even though she has kept the rules. This must surely be correct. It would be monstrous in principle—as well as alarming in fact to the Powers who have confided the policing of all the Western Mediterranean to France and Britain—if so large a licence were to be given to piracy.

There remains one other defect in the Nyon scheme. It deals exclusively with submarines. But acts of piracy may be, and have been, committed by surface vessels. The Russian which was sunk the other day near Algiers, for example, was the victim of an "unknown" destroyer. They may also be committed by aircraft. To this danger the Nyon signatories are not blind, and the Conference begun last Friday has not been closed; it is adjourned, and will, if necessary, work out further plans at Geneva. If the "gangster terrorism of the seas" as Mr. Eden called it, should presently transfer itself from below to the surface there ought to be the same promptitude and determination to put it down. Meanwhile, we await the pirate chief's next move.

THE STATE OF SPAIN

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

A FEELING of extraordinary confidence in Spanish Government circles was the keynote in Valencia when I left there a few weeks ago. Nor has the recent fall of Santander, in my opinion, changed the situation, for it is to be doubted whether the Government seriously felt it could long hold that and adjoining places on the Northern coast, in view of their isolation. Indeed from a military standpoint the attempts to hold them merely meant a diversion of military effort which might more effectively be used elsewhere.

It would seem that the Government's military advisers realised that their real chance lay in strengthening the lines along the loyalist block of territory on the eastern side, and pushing them onward into enemy territory. The recent capture of Belchite, seriously hampering communications between Saragossa and the enemy's wedge-point towards Valencia, at Teruel, is in line with this plan. The capture of Brunete and some Government successes north of Granada also have their significance. If, however, the Government have made no spectacular gains, they have at least strengthened their lines and checked enemy advances. One hears no more of the rebel drive towards Cuenca, menacing communications between Madrid and Valencia, while Government troops are now heavily massed in the Catalan area of the Aragon front, protecting all vulnerable lines. The greatest danger is increased aid for the insurgents from Italy and Germany.

It is now more than four months since the new Republican Socialist-Communist Government was formed on May 17th. At its first meeting it issued an eight-point statement of which the first point was victory; which, moreover, called for the co-operation of the Syndicalists who had left the Government; called for a united front; pledged itself resolutely to maintain order; promised a united war command and to revive and strengthen parliamentary government; asserted Spanish sovereignty in international affairs; and finally rendered homage to its army. The united war command was established almost immediately, order is now firmly maintained, and the Government has adhered rightly to its assertion of Spanish sovereignty, involving an opposition to non-intervention in so far as it was considered to infringe on that sovereignty. But the Syndicalists are not in the Government; Parliament has not yet met; the united political front will find itself menaced from some quarters.

It was the explosive situation in Catalonia, culminating in a street fight in the first days of May, which brought about the downfall of the Caballero Cabinet and the formation of the present one. The Catalan Government, it may be recalled, had assumed powers far beyond those accorded it by law, such as the attempt to create its own army and to control immigration and customs; in short, it assumed a position that bordered on independence, while at the same time it was facing a most serious problem of law and order. Although the Anarcho-Syndicalists had obtained a place in the Catalan Cabinet it was evident that a violent opposition existed between them and the rest of the Government. They were accused of maintaining a secret Government which in reality conspired to overthrow the legal Government in which they were collaborating, and to seize power in Catalonia. There is a good deal of evidence that this was actually the case.

It is at this point that Caballero's Government at Valencia enters the picture. It has been openly charged against Caballero that to satisfy his ambition he countenanced, if indeed he was not responsible for, blunders and worse which nearly resulted in losing the war. He was trying to establish a strong political bloc. The nucleus of this bloc was the Socialist Trade Union, the U.G.T., of which he was the chief. This did not mean, however, that he controlled the Socialist party, where indeed he found effective opposition, particularly on the part of the present War Minister, Indalecio Prieto, his ancient enemy in the party. The other and perhaps more important wing of the proposed bloc consisted of the Anarcho-Syndicalists, particularly those of Barcelona, with whom it was obvious he was "playing ball."

It is asserted that Caballero winked at the doings of the "secret Government" and the Anarcho-Syndicalists, and that he refused the request of the Catalan Government, prior to the May uprising, that Valencia should send forces to help maintain order in face of the impending revolt. His policy, it is stated, was to do nothing to impede this revolt, on the theory that it would give him grounds for intervening in Catalonia, depriving it of its assumed powers, and taking control of the police. His critics said that he would then be in a better position to play politics with the Anarcho-Syndicalists, continuing his benevolent attitude towards them, and thus favouring his own schemes. This is what occurred. The May rising had not yet subsided in Barcelona when Caballero's Government began sending heavily armed shock police there by the thousand. What is curious to note, however, is that the Valencia Government's new police delegation did not appear to be acting effectively in a number of Catalan towns, where the Anarcho-Syndicalists continued in their violent ways with little or no intervention. But the attitude of the Communist members of the Valencia Government precipitated a crisis resulting in the elimination of Caballero. New delegates of law and order were sent to Barcelona, and peace is now maintained there with a very firm hand.

After the fall of his Government, Caballero did not get that full support of the U.G.T. that he expected to have. But the continued activity of the Caballero bloc may be traced in the attitude of the Anarcho-Syndicalists, which manifests itself principally in opposition to the Communist party.

Indeed, there is much talk, encouraged by the Anarcho-Syndicalists, of the formation of an anti-Communist bloc composed of elements both within and without the Government. The Anarcho-Syndicalists offered to enter the Government upon certain conditions which the Government could accept. This was perhaps mutually satisfactory. The Anarchists thereafter agreed to collaborate with the Government in all matters connected with the international situation, public order and the winning of the war. More than that, they have entered into negotiations with the Socialist Trade Union, the U.G.T., for an alliance which would end the traditional rivalry between them. They have, for instance, adopted a ten-point pact, whereby, among other things, both sides renounce violence against each other, accord workers absolute liberty to join whichever organisation they see fit, thus putting an end to coercion, and agree to accept each other's decisions. A National Joint Committee is being formed to enforce the terms of the pact. This project is making headway in Valencia and the territory radiating from it, but certainly not in Catalonia, where the Anarcho-Syndicalists and the Catalan Socialist party remain deadly enemies, and where the Socialists are accused of jockeying the Anarcho-Syndicalists out of participation in the Catalan Government.

In the meantime an organic transformation is occurring within the Anarcho-Syndicalists' ranks. The Anarchists' party is the F.A.I., of which the C.N.T., the Syndicalist Trade Union, is an adjunct, just as the Socialist Trade Union, the U.G.T., is an adjunct of the Socialist party. There is an important difference, however, in the fact that the F.A.I., true to anarchistic principles, has hitherto abstained from political action, preferring direct action instead, and therefore has never been a party, properly speaking. But now that the Anarcho-Syndicalists have entered politics they have found this a decided disadvantage, and the F.A.I. is in consequence being shaped into a political party. Another important change is that whereas the F.A.I. has so far dominated the C.N.T., it is the C.N.T. with its more moderate view that is now beginning to dominate the F.A.I. In this it has to cope with the opposition of the Anarchists and extremists. The traditional distinction between the F.A.I. and C.N.T. ideologies means that whereas the F.A.I. represent pure anarchistic doctrine, the C.N.T. represent only the workers who were not necessarily anarchists, although it is always hoped that they will eventually become so. Moreover, anarchistic principles undergo a transformation while filtering into the C.N.T. As an anarchist explained to me, while the F.A.I. may demand the destruction of the State, the anarchists in the C.N.T. may say, "Yes, we will destroy the State when it is no longer necessary." Thus the C.N.T. may be described as anarchism with the brakes applied. This form of moderated anarchism, which through political action may be transformed into mere romantic idealism, is a reassuring prospect to those who, since the proclamation of the Republic in 1931, have witnessed the successive waves of violence produced by unadulterated anarchist direct action. It would be too optimistic to expect, however, that the Simon-pure Anarchists will easily submit to the yoke of moderation.

The Anarchists in this state of evolution remain in alliance with Caballero and form the most important wing of his anti-Government bloc. Their present tactic seems to consist in frontal attacks upon the Communist Party, which, although it has only two members in the Valencia Government, is strongly entrenched. They are accusing the Communists of using the favourite methods of Moscow in liquidating Moscow's most implacable enemy the P.O.U.M., most of whose leaders are in prison, and whose chief, Andres Nin, was kidnapped fron a Madrid prison, his subsequent assassination being now commonly accepted as a fact. They also accuse the Communist Party of planning their own liquidation because they, almost equally with P.O.U.M., are the enemies of the Moscow brand of Communism. The Communists for their part show but a thinly veiled hostility to the Anarcho-Syndicalists. The latter seem to be manoeuvring to create an anti-Communist bloc in which the non-communistic members of the Government would join. But these members are too shrewd to fall into such a trap. Not only do they realise the desirability of cordial co-operation with the Communists, but they give them their due in that they recognise them as a well-organised, capable and necessary factor in the winning of the war. The Governmental non-Communists, while working with the Communists, are at the same time checking their tendency to dominate.

The Communists have taken the lead in unifying the military command and putting the war on an organised basis. Some of the most outstanding Generals, including Miaja, are members of the party. The Anarcho-Syndicalists accuse the Communists of plotting to use their military prestige to effect a *coup d'etat* and set up a communistic military dictatorship, and this charge has been echoed in other quarters. The Socialist leader Prieto, who has long been the object of Caballero's most deadly enmity, is Minister of Defence. He is the shrewdest of all the politicians on the Republican side, and far too clever to let Communists get away with anything like that, should it ever have been in their minds.

What about the convoking of Parliament? The Government was sincere in its desire to have Parliament meet more regularly, and had fixed the date for as long ago as July 28th. This has been impossible for various reasons, one undoubtedly being the necessity of close attention to the constantly rising problems of the war. Seemingly, the dominating factor is the desire to avoid any political clash at such a critical time. Caballero is set for a row. His intention is to reply vigorously to his critics in Parliament and fears have been expressed that the situation which he might then create would provoke a Governmental crisis. None the less it has been reiterated that Parliament will meet very soon.

A LONDON DIARY

No one had told me how impressively symbolic of the new Europe one's first view of the Paris Exhibition is. The scene is dominated by the two enormous buildings of Germany and the U.S.S.R. The German building is no temporary pavilion, but a vast affair of solid stone, to be removed block by block and rebuilt in Germany afterwards. Immediately facing the German Eagle is the U.S.S.R. building with two colossal figures of a young man and woman of the new world striding on the top of it. The figures are a bit overwhelming, but impressive as propaganda. When you have done staring at these immense erections and admiring the fairy fountains playing beneath them, you realise that there are quite a lot of other countries scattered about. Spain, for instance, with a small building containing Picasso's expression of horror and sympathy, and a number of vigorous paintings by the younger artists of democratic Spain. On the other side Britain is modestly housed in something that looks like a white packing-case. Many people have written and laughed about the huntin', shootin' and fishin' (a big cardboard Mr. Chamberlain in rubber waders), but they have not, I think, as a rule done justice to the surprising elegance of the pattern of golf balls, the frieze of tennis rackets, the polo sets, riding equipment, the natty dinner jackets and, by a pleasant transition, the pottery, the splendid textiles, the fine printing exhibition and the photographs of the English countryside. I stared in bewilderment. Could this be England? If so, it is the England of the cultivated rich, or perhaps the England of that future which Bernard Shaw foresees, when Britain's economy will rest on the export of chocolate creams. An entirely luxury England. Almost all the photographs are of pastoral scenes and old churches, not a sign of a factory chimney, not a battleship or gun, not a hint that Britain has a colonial empire, not a sign anywhere of a proletariat. A nice England, unlike any that has existed or can exist; England as seen by the guests in a country house party, where the servants are unobtrusively

in the background, where all nature smiles and every luxury is present as if by magic.

* * *

The interesting fact is that the British upper class should so far have changed as to wish to portray themselves in this way. Have they really given up any notion of ruling the waves or are they merely anxious not to remind other countries that they still have a navy? Has the little Englandism of Mr. Baldwin really penetrated so that only the Labour Party is prepared to defend the Empire for which it has so often declared its detestation and for which, in the strongest terms, it has frequently refused to fight? That might well be the conclusion of any non-British visitor to this peaceful and tasteful British interior. I heard complaints in Paris that this presentation of Britain was having the worst effect in confirming the French in their fears of British "decadence," that it will behave as the Dutch Empire did in the eighteenth century, and quietly give up India and Africa as it has already, I suppose, surrendered its interests in China. As the League and most things worth running risks for have been allowed to smash I should myself be pleased if this picture of a pacifist England were true. But I don't believe a word of it, and I wish Labour did not show signs of being jockeyed into the position of champion of the Empire. I think it should maintain its attitude that armaments are a function of policy and vote against them now that the League is destroyed. Some day, perhaps before very long, British imperialism will turn the tables and Labour will find itself committed by what it is now saying to another war, but which will be for the Empire on the old cries of a war for democracy, to end war and all the rest of it. The British upper-class is not pacifist. It is just a question of the kind of things it thinks worth fighting for. It is not for nothing that we are embarking on the greatest armament expenditure that the world has ever known. The present Exhibition represents a phase of Britain. In two months' time it will have disappeared. It will be time to build another Exhibition of destroyers, big guns, Hawker and Fury planes, munition factories, regiments of cannon fodder.

* * *

I Joined the Army, by Private X. Y. Z. (an issue of the magazine-book *Fact*), was an account of present-day army life written by Frank Griffin, who had served in the Royal Tank Corps and afterwards been transferred to the Reserve with the rank of corporal and an unblemished record of six years' service in the regular army. The book was banned by the wholesaler and the author denounced as a liar. This seemed to me at the time a bad retort, for *I Joined the Army* contained some specific and serious allegations which could have been investigated. In particular there was the really lurid account of the man who was driven mad by his treatment in an army prison. That was either an untrue story, in which case Mr. Griffin ought to have been exposed, or it was a fact, in which case someone else ought to have been exposed. I've not heard of any investigation; but it is announced that Mr. Griffin has now been discharged from the Reserve under the paragraph of the King's Regulations which is commonly used for getting rid of bad hats. Saying that Mr. Griffin's "services are no longer required" does not get rid of Mr. Griffin's allegations nor of his book—which, I understand, is soon to be republished in a longer version than could be managed in a single number of *Fact*. Nor has *Fact* been killed by boycott. I recommend the September issue, which is mainly devoted to a "Guide to British Liberties," by James Curtis, and which contains by way of documentation the text of the Public Order Act (political uniforms), the Incitement to Disaffection Act (Sedition Act), the Trade Disputes Act, 1927, the Emergency Powers Act, 1920, the Official Secrets Act, 1920 —useful texts to have accessible if you are in doubt about the extent to which your "natural rights" are limited by Statute.

* * *

The Fabian Society's autumn lectures in Friends House looks exceptionally interesting this year and not particularly Fabian. Bertrand Russell is lecturing on "Science in Social Institutions"; Vernon Bartlett on "The War Horizon," H. J. Laski on the "Outlook for Civil Liberties," Herbert Morrison on "Socialism To-day," Sir Stafford Cripps on "Political Reactions and Rearmament," and G. D. H. Cole on "The Economic Consequences of War Preparations." Cole, I see from the summary of his lecture, makes a point that is not often made, even by the most pessimistic. He says that the present evils of our society are self-perpetuating: for every twist given to the national economy on plea of public necessity creates a new vested interest pledged to maintain the uneconomic. Why, if to-day the nations could agree to disarm, each of them would have to face a tremendous problem of unemployment owing to the collapse of the war industries. Other things apart, a Disarmament Convention is no longer possible without a parallel economic convention to avert a major slump. Which is another way of putting a devastating comment of Sir William Beveridge's "rearmament is no remedy for unemployment unless it ends in war"!

* * *

The papers were oddly misled in announcing that Mr. Eden is to be a candidate at the Rectorial election at Glasgow. Mr. Winston Churchill is to be the Conservative candidate, while Professor J. B. S. Haldane represents, presumably, the Popular Front idea and Dick Sheppard is to stand as an out-and-out pacifist. Prospects of a lively fight.

* * *

Could I help him send a telegram, asked my travelling acquaintance? He knew no French. It was a natural request. We had arrived at Dunkerque by the ferry boat just about the time we were due in Paris. There had been no berths left on the train and the boat had not left, as it is scheduled to do, at about midnight owing, it was said (and I could believe it) to rough weather. So we were more than three hours late at Dunkerque, and there was no breakfast to be had until Paris, which we eventually reached at 12.45, instead of 9.5. A telegram seemed natural enough, but it was typical of France that there should have been no obvious place to send one from and that when we asked a railway official he should welcome us into a private room like long-lost brothers and offer us voluble co-operation in composing our telegram. My companion was wiring to Paris to say that he would call on Mr. Blank at 2 p.m. One of the French officials suggested that it was a waste of money to include the "Mr." and that "p.m." was unnecessary. This led to a discussion among five of us—two French officials and three British travellers. Eventually the telegram was rewritten and two francs saved. We parted on excellent terms, just in time to catch the train. There are people who are irritated by this easy-going, companionable France. Certainly the contrast with sending a telegram in Germany is striking enough. And as for the United States! There would have been an army of Western Union boys (not to mention ices, hot dogs and other appetising breakfasts) on the quay to meet us, and they would have been still soliciting our telegrams in the carriages as the train went. For my part I enjoy this French method. The railwaymen really wanted to save my companion two francs. To them two francs was two francs (even at 138 to the £) and it was only decent not to take for the State more than could be helped from a man against whom they had no grudge.

* * *

A correspondent sends me a neat comment on Japan's recent display of ju-jitsu or "the gentle art of self-defence":

THANKS, fiery Muse!
Invention's brightest heaven is ascended;
And Tokyo—inspired—retails the news:
China attacked, the Japanese defended.

* * *

The prize carrot again goes to Hitler:

"If everyone treated their own minorities decently there would be no difficulties"—Hitler to journalists at the Nazi Congress.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to L. B.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

Barring the first two chapters, which are full of the vague and questionable generalities dear to the heart of foreigners, this is a book which any prospective traveller should find illuminating.—Review of Paul Morand's *Road to India* in *John of London's Weekly*.

A move to extend the hours of Sunday bathing at North Berwick Swimming Pond from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. was defeated at a meeting of the Town Council last night. Provost Eeles, who seconded, expressed the opinion that Sunday afternoon bathing at North Berwick pond would lead to the ruination of the town.—*Edinburgh Evening News*.

"Nations that dance together will never fight each other," says Mayor W. H. Heath, of Wandsworth, S.W., "Britain's Dancing Ambassador," who is back from a tour of Hungary, Austria and Germany.—*Sunday Pictorial*.

A.A. motorists . . . and others, please note. That a view of the Cathedral, while dressing, is the unusual privilege of those staying at The Royal Clarence Hotel, Exeter.—Advt. in *Morning Post*.

The *Daily Express* is not run for the prime purpose of making profits. This newspaper is a public institution, which in the national interest sacrifices money to the main plan of serving the public.—Lord Beaverbrook in *Daily Express*.

The horsed cavalry soldier's training will appeal most strongly to men who are fond of horses and outdoor life, and as the duties of the arm exact a considerable degree of intelligence, a recruit on enlistment must be able to write correctly and with ease, and to do certain simple sums in arithmetic.—Army pamphlet.

THE BREAK-UP OF THE PRISON SYSTEM

MEMBERS of the House of Lords have on occasion publicly expressed gratitude to their old public schools for the discipline and particularly the beatings which have helped to make them the men they are. Lesser men and women have attributed their success or happiness in life to their school, university or teachers. There are, I believe, some old Borstalians who acknowledge in private that Borstal has helped them to mend their lives. But though the reformative aims of prison discipline have long been on all our lips and in the pages of Home Office Blue Books, no one has yet met the man who is grateful for what Dartmoor or Pentonville, or even Wakefield or Wormwood Scrubs, has done for him.

Is this the fault of the prisons? Or is it the fault of *Prison*? Primarily, of course, it is everybody's fault. The fact that many readers will consider this entire paragraph to be a feeble attempt at humour, reveals the most formidable obstacle to effective penal reform—the superiority complex, which makes us, consciously or unconsciously, regard convicted law-breakers as a class apart, marked off forever by the fact that they have been punished by process of law. Some fear them, some dislike them, some help and patronise them, some want to reform them; some really like and befriend them; some want to reform prisons. But only the rarest souls are absolutely without any sense of spiritual separation. The result is the creation of a solidarity amongst the punished against which all the waves of "reformative methods" beat in vain.

But we should merely stand about preaching until Doomsday if reform were to await such wholesale change of heart as would indeed make most reforms superfluous. There are practical problems which face Sir Samuel Hoare to-day as he makes his tour of the prisons.

There are 31 prisons in England and Wales, of which Dartmoor, Parkhurst, Maidstone, Chelmsford and Portsmouth are mainly occupied by convicts. The other 26 prisons are local prisons taking all those sentenced for periods of two years and less, many of them for only a few weeks or even days. All these prisons are obsolete. Their sanitary arrangements are inadequate and squalid, the cells sunless and ill-ventilated, workshops insufficient, lecture rooms non-existent, and, with the exception of Dartmoor, Parkhurst and Wakefield, they have no space worth mentioning for out-of-door work, games or recreation. The fortress prisons were designed for solitary confinement, passive obedience, silence and repression. Authority's idea of industry was oakum-picking and mail bags; of exercise, the silent tramp round the asphalt rings. The product of the old prison was the "good prisoner," passive, respectful, subservient, the worst of citizens in a world demanding self-control, self-reliance and initiative.

The ideas which lay behind this prison design have been blown sky-high by the grim experience of practical prison administrators and by new knowledge about the working of the human mind and its issue in human behaviour. They have taught us that bad men do not grow good by the forcible repression of every natural human impulse, and that if imprisonment is to serve any useful purpose it must be served in conditions approximating as closely as possible to life outside—at once freer and harder than the old prison round. It is this new faith which has led the Prison Commissioners, since 1922, to try to reorganise the existing prison system. They have classified the prisons so as to separate those serving a first sentence from recidivists, the young prisoners from adult offenders, the feeble-minded from the normal. They have schemed for an extension of a workshop here, the acquisition of a few square yards of garden or exercise ground there. They have made classrooms by throwing two cells into one. They have, in a few prisons, introduced meals in association. By dint of careful management, they substitute electric light for gas and make the wretched little windows open a little wider. They have provided aluminium billycans instead of rusty tin ones for dinner. They have instituted a wages scheme whereby in certain prisons men may earn a small sum—pocket-money rather than wages—for their work. Most important of all, they have opened the prison doors to voluntary teachers and prison visitors.

All this is done with a gradualness ludicrous to the outsider, however inevitable to those who fight the Treasury for every halfpenny. And the gloomy, smelly, nineteenth-century dungeons remain, defeating the best efforts of the custodians to do constructive work and provide industrial training or genuine education within them. It is true that staff is more important than buildings; but if anyone has a soul above buildings, let him try to lecture to 50 people in the corridor of an old cell block of bare stone and metal, with little light and less ventilation, the roof thirty feet above him and his audience sitting at attention on seats with no backs.

This is a small part of the indictment against the prisons. But Sir Samuel Hoare's first task is not to put in supplies of hot running water; nor even to remove the idiotic censorship of books and papers (which, incidentally, bars THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION as "non-educational" and will prevent this issue in particular) from being read by a prisoner; not even to provide playing fields and gardens for the men and women now cooped up year after year in the fastnesses of Maidstone or Holloway. The remedy for present ills is not the building of bigger, better, more expensive prisons in Portland stone and chromium steel. It is a continuous policy of emptying the prisons.

Thirty prisons have been closed since 1900, and the number of prisoners received has fallen from 153,000 in that year to 47,000 in 1935. The fall is due to various causes, the most potent factor being the Criminal Justice Act of 1914, which compelled magistrates to give time for payment of fines. Probation has kept many thousands outside the walls. The Money Payments Act of 1935 reduced the number of debtor

prisoners by 1,500 in the first year of its operation. The process of eliminating those who are unfit for prison has not ended. If Sir Samuel Hoare considers the prisoners as well as the prisons he will conclude that many of them ought never to be in prison at all and some need permanent care and guardianship. Holloway, with its battlemented towers, its 20-foot wall, its cell blocks built for 1,000, houses 300 women, of whom a large proportion are chronic alcoholics, homeless and feckless, enemies to themselves, needing protection, not punishment. Parkhurst has its quota of subnormal decrepit old men, who at intervals spend a few weeks of freedom doddering dishonestly and furtively in a society for which prison discipline, among other things, has rendered them permanently unfit. Howard House at Maidstone, dishonouring the name of John Howard, contains the young convicts—all under 21—all vigorous adolescents, some of them young soldiers sentenced to long terms of penal servitude for offences against their officers, which in civil life would have earned a probation order. Scattered through the prisons are the thousand lads and girls sentenced to prison in defiance of common sense and humanity. In every prison there is the contingent of "barmies," the shambling, childish, irresponsible, physically and mentally incapable of looking after themselves. Two thousand and more (one-third of the inhabitants of local prisons) are there for less than 6 months. In every prison there are sexual offenders, who cannot without drastic psychological treatment acquire power to resist the anti-social impulse. Review at random any selection of the ordinary local prison's motley crowd, and you realise that, just as the old Poor Law was a scrap heap for all who, from whatever cause, had become destitute, so the prisons are a scrap heap for those who, from a thousand causes, have become unmitigated nuisances.

The prison system, like the Poor Law, must be broken up. Probation, with a probation service doubled and trebled in numbers, a high standard of vocational ability and training on the part of the officers, and an adequate number of probation hostels, would take out of the prisons hundreds of the short-sentenced and many of the long-term prisoners. A short Act of Parliament, prohibiting the imprisonment of young persons under 21, would eliminate others and cut off one source of supply of habitual criminals. The provision of opportunities for physical, mental and psychological examination before sentence, and for psycho-therapy and other curative treatment, would relieve the prisons of many whose law-breaking is their misfortune, not their fault.

There are two, and only two, legitimate reasons for putting men and women in captivity. The first is the need for temporary detention for treatment and training; the second is the need for permanent segregation of the few whom no known treatment will render self-restrained or self-protecting. The number of these is so small that provision could easily be made for them, even though Pentonville and Dartmoor and Holloway had the dynamite they deserve. The new prisons should be small, for large numbers mean mass treatment and a dead routine. They must give training for various careers, not only manual labour. They should be varied in type—the good rough outdoor life of the Borstal North Sea Camp for the healthy youngster, cottage home institutions for women, a colony for the "incorrigibles." And here we may recall that it was one of the wisest and most successful prison governors, the head of a Swiss Colony for habituals and vagrants, who told an international conference, "There are no incorrigibles. I have had failures, but the failure may have been mine, not theirs. Who knows?"

Such a colony would be as far as possible self-governing and self-supporting. It would provide opportunities for many kinds of industrial and agricultural work, with real wages for a real job, with common central buildings and married quarters. It would work with an indeterminate sentence within a legal maximum, and there would be release on parole, first for temporary holidays and then for trial periods of freedom. The buildings would not be elaborate; it is better not to build prisons that last, for penal methods change and the prison of yesterday is a stumbling block to progress to-day. In the end society will abandon the superstition that loss of liberty makes people fit for liberty. There will then be no prisons, but only hospitals for the cure of crime, homes for the incurably incompetent, and colonies and camps for the unsolved problems.

A POOR JOB FOR A GIRL, BUT . . .

AN Advisory Committee appointed by the Trades Union Congress is considering how best to organise a hundred thousand nurses in English hospitals and allied institutions and to press their demands regarding wages, hours and conditions of work. A "Nurses' Charter" is to embody them. Represented on the committee are half-a-dozen Unions which include nurse memberships. The chairman is Mr. George Gibson, general secretary of the Mental Hospital and Institutional Workers Union. The Trade Unions represented are planning details of a campaign to recruit nurses, which includes an invitation to Trades Councils to co-operate.

Why is this? Briefly, because it is widely felt both by the nursing profession and the public that the public and the profession are suffering from the nurse's handicaps. The nurses are suffering from low wages, long hours and bad working conditions generally, combined with poor prospects for trained nurses and unnecessary hardships for probationers. The public is suffering through insufficiency of hospital staffs and their training, the overwork, lower efficiency and mistakes resulting and the whole military atmosphere prevailing in the absence of workers' control.

There are two sets of circumstances barring girls from entering hospitals; they are the conditions attaching to hospital service, and the difficulties of getting in. Between the two there is, of course, intimate connection, but they can be considered separately. The nurse's low pay, for instance, deters girls from nursing. Many girls who would make good nurses cannot afford to take a job which pays only pocket money and demands a uniform and text-book premium of about £30. In some hospitals there are the further bars of no pay for the stipulated two months in the training school and the quarterly payment of salaries. Thus a nurse has to work for five months without pay, and requires to be, and is in many a case, subsidised by her parents. And while this may result in the profession being reserved for the daughters of the well-to-do, it eliminates many poorer girls temperamentally suited to nursing. Financially, the prospects facing the trained nurse are unattractive. Staff nurses are not well paid at £65 a year. So they attempt various schemes, private nursing co-ops and the like, and take jobs which employ little of their training but are better paid. Lady Williams, a member of the Committee of Inquiry into the problem of Overproduction of Trained Nurses said:

> We must face the brutal fact that it is to marriage and not to her profession that the trained nurse must look for support in the future. The nurse's long hours, low pay and arduous duties are not particularly helpful in this direction.
>
> Marriage provides a solution in perhaps 80 per cent. of the cases, but in the other 20 per cent. it is no exaggeration to say that a nurse is not able to earn an adequate livelihood after the age of 35. Her profession, after accepting the sacrifice of the best years of her life, mercilessly turns her adrift to suffer the humiliations and the privation of unemployment without relief.

Long hours are worked in many hospitals, particularly the voluntary hospitals. A seventy hour week and longer is common in some hospitals. During "cramming" periods, when revising for an examination, it is customary for two or three months for probationers to rise at five in the morning to write up the previous day's lecture and finish the day about eleven o'clock at night with a lecture. A day in the operating theatre from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m. is as common. Nurses are scurried over their meals. Half an hour only is allowed for each meal-time.

Such working hour restrictions bear heavier through the "hospital rules" which operate on and off duty with pitiless impartiality. Strictly speaking, nurses are always on duty to the extent that their leave is subject to arbitrary alterations and they are hedged by hospital red tape as long as they are on the premises. The chief priestesses of this red tape are staff nurses and sisters, "hospitalised" and through social isolation and long hours deprived of outlets for natural instincts. Some of them relieve their feelings by an almost sadistic insistence upon pettifogging restrictions. Thus in many hospitals no nurse must show any male friend or relative her room. She must not re-arrange the furniture, keep ink in her room, or slippers or shoes under her bed. No kettles, candles or lamps are allowed. Should the bedroom wall not support the regulation number of knick-knacks, or the dressing table boast too many, the nursing home sister may remove the surplus articles for restitution—sometime. She may even search the nurse's belongings for reading matter, going through her books to see if she is reading anything "subversive." Left Book Club issues have been confiscated. The writer was told of the summons of 300 nurses—the entire nursing school—of a hospital to a lecture by the matron on "talking to outsiders about hospital matters" and "those Bolshevik labour men" who had, it seems, criticised the hospital and revealed conditions which later caused a national sensation.

Other rules rigidly enforced are—no baths after ten o'clock, all nurses to be in their bedrooms by ten and lights out at ten-thirty, neglect of which involves loss of late passes. In most hospitals one late evening a week is allowed and one whole day with a late pass. A few hospitals still give only an evening and a half-day a week. For the tiniest lapse, such as lateness at breakfast, for instance, late passes are forfeit. Such asceticism in regard to social relaxation, which bears hardest upon those who have the fewest privileges—the probationers—in conjunction with the amount of theory and practice they have to absorb, imposes a high strain. Few girls are not harmed by the rack of their first year. They become apathetic—all their initial idealism gone, without pride in their work or interest in their job.

The grievous drawback of the present system of training nurses is responsible for their slavery. They have, so to speak, to work their passage. The nurse is being trained free and so she has to pay for it (the patients pay for it in the long run) with hard work which will reward her employer. Fundamentally, she is an employee; she is treated as such. She is not in hospital primarily to learn to be a nurse, she is there, the probationer particularly, to do the menial work of the ward. She has to do over and over again repulsive and routine jobs, which she knows by heart; in some hospitals she may be required to do a good deal of near housework. She is given lectures, but they are usually either grudgingly sandwiched between a vast amount of hard work, or given after work in her off-duty, when, in either case, she is too tired to give them adequate attention. Of clinical medicine she has perhaps heard, but certainly knows nothing more.

Externally, the problem of how to attract the best type of girl as probationer is puzzling the hospital authorities. In response, the National Council of Women and the Association of Headmistresses have espoused the probationer's cause and this year the question of the supply of nurses was the topic of a conference between matrons of hospitals and members of the Association, which was attended by 100 delegates from all parts of the country. One widely talked of proposal was for instruction during the last years at school in subjects forming the basis of the nurse's curriculum. A thorough training in anatomy, physiology, biology, chemistry and hygiene, in preparation for a preliminary examination to test candidates' suitability, might, it was suggested, surmount the water-tight divisions between school and hospital.

A proposal much favoured by nurses themselves is for some scheme for helping girls who are physically and mentally suited for nursing and anxious to enter hospital, but are kept out by financial difficulties. Many well-educated girls who are prepared to nurse even at low wages cannot afford the initial expense; others, potentially good nurses, must find paying jobs on leaving school: and more still cannot bridge the gap between school and hospital. And it is as inadvisable as it is impossible, owing to the age bar, for girls to start training directly they leave school, i.e., before they are eighteen. Awarding scholarships to intending nurses as they are awarded to intending teachers, so that girls could remain at school for instruction in the nursing preliminary, would overcome this.

Under the present anarchic system of hospital administration in this country, the nurse has no defined status, educationally, socially or professionally. Educationally, nurses are of three kinds, public school, secondary and elementary, or a variation of any one of the three. Professionally she may be a fully-trained nurse, an assistant nurse or an amateur. There are numerous agencies in our big cities whose business it is to supply "trained nurses," many of whom, as a recent inquiry showed, know only a little first aid. "Child nurses" who have done no nursing but minding neighbours' or acquaintances' children are foisted upon the public by commercial quackery. The "nurse" is often the well-meaning girl who likes nursing and having worked for low wages, long hours and several years in some nursing home is rewarded with a worthless certificate of her "training." In contrast is the average doctor who, whatever his personal intellectual ability, does at least carry with his degree a voucher of his skill and who, in consequence, has status, esteem and a decent living.

In 1932, an influential Commission appointed by *The Lancet*, published a report on the shortage of would-be nurses. It detailed the nurse's principal grievances, lengthy hours, restricted amenities, poor prospects, oppressive discipline and overwork, and it mentioned some of the "minor" disabilities also, such as lack of superannuation schemes and underfeeding. In the more progressive hospitals some of these hardships have since been abolished, but they are the exceptions.

The task of the "Nurses' Charter" is to stir the laggards and hasten progress all round. Too long have nurses been isolated on a public pedestal, treated as ministering angels and neglected. It is time they were taken down and treated as human beings.

LOUIS BORRILL

J'ACCUSE!

Albania did not answer the invitation to the Nyon Conference.—*News item.*

MEDITERRANEAN pirates run,
prowling the seas at large.
Which is the Power the rest will shun?
What is the flag of the pirate? None!
Russia denounces the guilty one,
Italy spurns the charge!

Mediterranean councils meet,
States for defence ally;
nine sea-Powers police the beat.
Who held back with his dreadnought fleet?
Who was not in the council seat?
Who did not deign to reply?

Armed patrols round the ocean race;
where is the pirate nest?
Where is the sea-wolves' hiding-place?
Where the submarine secret base?
Who will fly from the cruisers' chase?
Nobody seems to have guessed.

Name and face of the skulking foe
hide in the densest fog;
but everyone knows, who is in the know,
everyone would, if they dared, say so,
everything everywhere goes to show
everything points to Zog!

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

PIRACY IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

SIR,—Piracy, or something remarkably like it, has been an unpleasant factor in Mediterranean trading since the early months of this year, and it may be instructive to observe the different phases of its development. Until recently British shipping has not suffered, but may even have gained some temporary advantage from what has been happening.

The bombing of a British oil tanker a month ago evidently brought about a realisation of the growing seriousness of the situation from our national standpoint. The *British Corporal* incident can be treated as a mistake due to the over-enthusiasm of the Franco air arm, as the tanker was passing through the Mediterranean on a normal voyage which had no connection whatever with Spain.

Earlier incidents, however, were clearly part of the deliberate policy of the insurgents, whose calculations have been founded upon realistic advice which ignores such academic considerations as international law. The possibilities have been tested by degrees and developed as the amount of opposition likely to be shown by ourselves and other neutral maritime Powers could be safely measured. The earlier victims were clearly selected according to the effectiveness of their armed naval strength in Mediterranean waters.

This first phase early in the year took the form of the seizure of some twenty vessels over a period of weeks. The procedure was similar in each case. A Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Dutch or Belgian freighter would leave a Spanish Government port loaded with fruit for the United Kingdom or the Continent, would be "arrested" in the Mediterranean by insurgent vessels and "escorted" into the Franco stronghold of Ceuta. There the cargo would be forcibly discharged, and reloaded into another steamer, frequently German or Italian. The freighter would usually be released after a day or two, and protests would be made by interested parties without further result than the declaration that Spanish Government ports were blockaded, and that as the fruit cargoes were beng sent on consignment, they were Spanish Government property when taken.

This went on until the end of the season for exporting Spanish oranges and other fruit, and let it be remarked that although many British and French cargo vessels were engaged in the same trade at the same time, not one was interfered with. The British and French navies were much in evidence in the Mediterranean at this period and were pursuing a more vigorous line than that which has followed.

In the light of recent developments it may also be said that for many months Russian steamers, having no trading or other connection whatever with Spain, have been compelled to enter Ceuta and submit to detention and search. The vessels were invariably released after a few days' delay, with cargo intact.

From seizure of cargoes to seizure of vessels is an obvious stage of development to the second phase. Because the British or French flag called for a measure of respect, most of the steamers employed in carrying foodstuffs or petrol to Northern Spain before the withdrawal of the Basque resistance were British or French owned—mostly British, in fact. A modification (or should one write clarification?) of British Government policy due to considerations of "neutrality" actually enabled four or five British-owned vessels so employed to be captured by the insurgents—one, at least, under the nose of the British Navy. After weeks of delay and many British Government Notes, the *Candlestone Castle* has just been released. Possibly certain evidence of a new and more purposeful British policy may have had more effect than all the Notes.

Events moved rapidly to the third phase, the actual sinking of various vessels. The two Soviet steamers which were lost were, of course, not trading in Spanish waters; one of them was carrying a coal cargo as ordinary freight from this country. In Spanish waters, however, there has been the case of the Danish vessel *Edith*, bombed and sunk whilst carrying foodstuffs from Marseilles to Valencia, a precedent followed quickly by the British tanker *Woodford*, which was torpedoed on her way to the same destination. A non-intervention officer was on board in each case. The *Woodford* was shrewdly chosen as being unlikely to cause much outcry here; she had been Greek until a week or two before, and there was little British about her other than registration and flag. But if the sequence is followed with the calculation shown in recent months, what next?

Unless the British Government is really intending to give effect to a new policy not founded upon retreat, safety from molestation in the Mediterranean will be a reality only to merchant vessels flying the German, Italian or Franco flag.

The effect of this increasing ruthlessness on the prospects of the Spanish Government might prove finally disastrous if the insurance of neutral vessels and their cargoes became impossible to or from the Government ports because of the hazard involved. Already premiums are mounting to levels sufficiently high to impose a heavy burden upon the Spanish Government. The latter controls a number of Spanish vessels, but they are inadequate for defeating a blockade. When such steamers have been sequestrated by the insurgents in the past they have often been "sold" to German or Italian owners, and now, with new names, fly their new flags upon the high seas.

It requires no exaggeration of the facts to believe that if the risks of maritime trading with the Spanish Government become much greater, the insurance difficulties will break the Spanish Government, and Franco's victory will be certain within measurable distance.

INTERESTED PARTY

CHINA AND OURSELVES

SIR,—The T.U.C. on September 10th passed a resolution which pledges Labour's support for all practical measures to assist the Chinese Government. By now probably the whole country, except a very small minority, would sympathise with that. But what measures of help for China are practicable? Here is a suggestion.

Clearly there is no chance of the members of the League giving China direct military aid to expel the Japanese aggressors; but why not get the humanitarian organs of the League (with which the U.S.A. collaborate regularly) to work on supplying the Chinese with humanitarian necessities—with food, medical supplies and refuges for refugees? Why should not the British Government propose this at Geneva? And should it not offer to join in protecting such humanitarian services, just as public opinion forced it to protect (unaided) the foodships and refugee ships at Bilbao?

How could any civilised person oppose this? Would any civilised country go against it? Only, the less time lost, the better. For already it has been claimed in Tokio that 15,000 tons of cargoes meant for Chinese ports have been dumped in Singapore, that the export of rice from Siam to China has stopped, and that food prices in China are going up. If these claims are "premature," still everyone knows that in China, whenever the economic machinery of a district is deranged, peaceful peasants starve in millions; and it follows that any large-scale attack on China is like a terrific Guernica. Let us urge the Government to do something to make it possible for those cargoes at Singapore to reach China, to get them supplemented, to make it safe for Siam to go on sending rice to the Chinese. That is the sort of help the people of China will most need, and it is a help which it is practicable to give them.

JONATHAN GRIFFIN

Paris.

TOSCANINI AND FURTWÄNGLER

SIR,—The meeting of these two great conductors appears to have taken place without witnesses. It has nevertheless afforded the press an opportunity of treating the theme of "Art and Dictatorship" at length, and of appraising these two celebrated musicians from this point of view. It was only to be expected that the noble and courageous character of Toscanini should enlist the sympathy of all. I would stress the word *character*, for curiously enough, it is little used, the writers preferring to speak of "divergent political views."

Your contributor, Mr. W. J. Turner, considers that Toscanini would have been better advised to oppose Furtwängler's presence at Salzburg on musical grounds. I regret that I cannot agree; nor do I imagine that the "giants of literature" would, in like case, have shown themselves superior to the musicians. We may leave Voltaire out of it—he was on the best of footings with the Prussian Dictator of his day—but if we consider the men of letters and scientists of our own time, we have sad evidence that fear of the Cheka, of Concentration Camps or of certain Islands, has not tended to ennoble their characters. Let him who has never been delivered up to a dictatorship cast the first stone!

As for Furtwängler's presence in Salzburg, it shows, in any

case, a regrettable want of tact. For Salzburg offers a refuge and a field of activity to German musicians such as Bruno Walter and others, who are victims of the lack of solidarity and character displayed by men like Richard Strauss and Furtwängler towards the most eminent among their fellow musicians. In the non-political atmosphere of Salzburg they can practise their art, free from the restraints of brown, black or red dictatorship. *Staatsrat* Furtwängler is an eminent conductor, justly admired the world over; but he would do well to avoid challenging comparison with a great musician who is *also* a man of great character.

24 Royal Crescent, W.11. ALBERT JAROSY

SIR,—Mr. W. J. Turner completely misrepresents Toscanini's motives when he implies that Toscanini has adopted a very crude method of telling Furtwängler that Nazis are not wanted at Salzburg. Toscanini requested Furtwängler not to conduct at Salzburg, not because he disagrees with Furtwängler's particular brand of politics, but because, rightly or wrongly, he strongly disapproves of the domination of art by politics of any kind whatever. What he objects to is not the fact that Furtwängler's private views are pro-Fascist, but that he openly associates himself with a political movement in art—a movement, moreover, which makes pernicious racial distinctions in art, and which threatens the very foundations of artistic freedom by compelling German artists to emphasise all that is degenerate and warlike in art. It is fantastic to accuse Toscanini of political bias when he condemns a fellow-artist for taking part in such a movement.

27 Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3. S. DELL

THE PRICE OF FUR

SIR,—I am very reluctant to trespass further on your space on this matter. Mr. Davy's contention that the question of cruelty resolves itself into one of personal taste puts the matter in a nutshell. Mr. Grant Watson's assertion that where there is profit to be made out of animals the question of their humane treatment is hardly considered, appears to me to be unanswerable. One has only to visit a popular cattle market on a hot day to see what he means.

It would be wrong, however, to leave Mr. d'Auvergene's tirade unanswered. He has, of course, mis-stated the case. I cannot answer for the Catholic Priests or the Pseudo-Scientists (other than myself). I certainly did not say that animals do not feel pain. What I did say was that we should not judge the pain felt by animals by the pain we ourselves should feel in similar circumstances.

And now that he has raised the question of animal intelligence and told us of his Alsatian, I must point out that he will find accounts of even more intelligent and remarkable dogs in the press nearly every day. Unfortunately, when speaking of dogs, we use the term "intelligent" when we really mean "well trained." A dog may learn or can be taught almost anything of which it is physically capable, but he cannot reason for himself. At first sight a great deal of animal behaviour appears to be the result of intelligence, but to attribute this behaviour to a reasoning power is invariably the result of casual and unscientific observation generally coupled with faulty logic on the part of the observer. We all like to think our dogs "intelligent," but their ability to reason vanishes in the light of scientific inquiry. If Mr. d'Auvergne wishes to reassure himself on this point he should read some of the work of Kohler, Pavlov and other scientists to whom the term "Pseudo" cannot be applied. C. K. BROWN

Broadwater House,
Burwood Park, Walton-on-Thames.

SIR,—Mr. d'Auvergne suggests that if one wishes to find out whether animals feel pain, one should step firmly on the tail of a bull-dog. The tail of this animal, however, is inconveniently short for the purpose, and I therefore want to suggest an alternative experiment which Mr. d'Auvergne can carry out without elaborate equipment in the privacy of his home. Let him procure a powerful steel rat-trap and set it. Let him then step on it with his bare foot. Mr. d'Auvergne will discover that both he and the rat-trap are intensely sensitive to pain.

Thoughtless arguments such as those of Mr. d'Auvergne will not help the cause of animal welfare, but will tend rather to turn potentially helpful people away from the whole subject.

Department of Zoology JOHN R. BAKER
and Comparative Anatomy,
University Museum, Oxford.

GIDE AND FEUCHTWANGER

SIR,—Having recently translated André Gide's two books on the U.S.S.R., and being well acquainted with every word they contain, I may perhaps be allowed to make some remarks on Mr. Gore Graham's letter in your last issue, entitled "Gide and Feuchtwanger."

Mr. Graham's reasoning and insinuations are rather obscure, but it is plainly his intention to cast doubt on Gide's good faith and on the accuracy of his statements.

In order to do this he gives various quotations—or what purport to be quotations—from Gide's book, *Retouches*. "Gide," Mr. Graham says, "laments 'the victims who are rotting in Soviet prisons.'" Where has he found those words? Not in either of Gide's books. After quoting a sentence which does occur in *Retouches* and noting its "great literary skill," "he cites," says Mr. Graham, "as the most ill-used of the martyrs, Frau Cenci Mühsam." This sentence is as impossible to discover as the former, but it goes on with quotation marks to show that these are Gide's own words, "the widow of that Erich Mühsam who was driven to suicide by the inhumane tortures of a German concentration camp and tragically enough to-day finds herself in a Soviet prison." This sentence, literally translated, without either additions or omissions, should run as follows: "widow (what a significant and tragic coincidence!) of a man who, on his side, met his death in one of Hitler's concentration camps." The literary skill displayed may be great, but it cannot be attributed to Gide. These words are to be found in a letter written and signed by A. Rudolf and printed in the Appendix to *Retouches*. Gide himself does not mention or allude to Frau Mühsam in the text of his book, far less give any information about her. Nevertheless, Mr. Graham continues by quoting Herr Feuchtwanger—whether more correctly or not we cannot tell, not having his book to refer to: "Herr Feuchtwanger comments on this: 'The letter which is the *source of André Gide's information* is dated December 2nd, 1936. Now on December 12th, 1936, Frau Mühsam visited me in my hotel in Moscow bringing me all her complaints.'" (How does this prove she was not in a Soviet prison on December 2nd or at any time previously? Much might be said on Frau Zenzi Mühsam's case, but as Gide does not allude to her, this is not the place to say it.)

The fact is that this letter of Rudolf's is made to do double duty—first, attributed to Gide as an example of inaccuracy or worse, and, secondly, quoted as the unspecified source of his information.

It is very easy for Gide's enemies to launch vague accusations and personal insinuations. When it comes to facts they seem reduced to side-tracking and to futile attempts to establish relatively unimportant points by methods such as I have pointed out above. DOROTHY BUSSY

51 Gordon Square, W.C.1.

CONFERENCE ON INDIAN CIVIL LIBERTIES

SIR,—In India, in recent years, there has been widespread suppression of liberty in a variety of ways, and often, over a considerable period of time and over large areas of the country, what would be called the normal rule of law and the way of administering justice have been suspended by special legislation or ordinance.

In comparatively normal times, under various sections of the criminal law and on charges of sedition and unlawful assembly, large numbers of people have suffered arrest and imprisonment and organisations have been suppressed and assemblies prohibited or dispersed. The press in India functions under an Act which denies it freedom and places it at the mercy of the Executive.

A recent press report that in one of the provinces alone the Congress Government lifted the ban on hundreds of organisations throws some light on the state of affairs, but the suppression of civil liberties is still grave in India. Some provincial governments, within the scope of their power, have restored freedom, but in the sphere of British authority restrictions continue.

Books which circulate widely in this country are banned under the Sea Customs Acts or Post Office regulations. In Bengal, large numbers of young men and women are in prison or in concentration camps *without trial and without charge stated*.

Although Congress Governments are in power in certain provinces and have effected a substantial alteration in the situation, in the remaining provinces this position is as unsatisfactory as it has ever been, as, for example, in Bengal. Moreover a large

field of civil liberty lies outside the purview of the provincial governments and consequently it is still necessary for public opinion in this country to exercise what pressure it can towards alleviating the repression of civil liberties in India.

We believe that democratic opinion in this country would be roused into constructive action if the facts were known.

The National Council for Civil Liberties, in conjunction with the India League, is convening an All London Delegate Conference on civil liberty in India to be held at Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1, on Sunday, October 17th. At the first session at 11 a.m., with Lord Listowel in the Chair, a written speech from Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru will be read, and the main speaker at this session will be Prof. Harold J. Laski on "Civil Liberty in India." At the afternoon session, at 2.30, Mr. Lester Hutchinson will speak on "Police Organisation and Methods" and Dr. Mulk Raj Anand will speak on "The Press, Publications and Propaganda." At 5.15 Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon will speak on "Civil Liberty in Bengal." Miss Monica Whately, L.C.C., will take the Chair at the evening session and Dr. K. S. Shelvankar will speak on "Civil Liberty and Peasants and Workers" and Mr. Harold Paton of the Haldane Club will speak on "The Constitution and Civil Liberty."

It is hoped that all progressive organisations will send delegates, and visitors will be welcome on payment of a fee of 1s. Delegates' credentials and visitors tickets may be obtained from the conference office, 165, Strand, London, W.C.2.

National Council for Civil Liberties,
Morley House,
320 Regent Street, W.1.

RONALD KIDD
Secretary.

SPANISH AID

SIR,—The fight for Spanish Democracy still goes on: and with so many other calls upon the time, there is a tendency to forget that our fellow democrats still need support and money. In this country, local Labour Parties have done a great deal to present the true facts and win over the sympathy of the public, but their appeal has been limited. A number of North and Central London Labour Parties have now formed an *ad hoc* committee in order that by joint and co-ordinated action their work on Spain may have a wider and more effective appeal. May we suggest that similar area bodies should be formed in other districts? Together, activities can be financed and executed in a more extensive manner. It is perhaps necessary to add that all members are Labour Party supporters and the organisation will last only so long as circumstances demand.

Our first joint activity is a mass meeting at the Friends' House, Euston Road, on Monday, September 27th, at which Herbert Morrison has agreed to speak. May we appeal to all those who have the cause at heart to support this meeting? All profits will go to the Spanish Medical Aid Committee.

RICHARD JEFFERIES, Chairman.
MARGARET LITTMAN } Joint Hon.
ELLEN HAINES } Secretaries.

North London Labour Spain Committee,
9 Adelaide Road, N.W.3.

OYSTERS

SIR,—I greatly enjoyed the article in your issue of September 4th dealing with Oyster Culture and as a man, who, whenever he is lucky enough to visit England, has his first meal on oysters with exclusion of any other food, I wish to pay my tribute to the divine shellfish and to thank C. M. Y. for his fine article. Among the English proverbs I find however one which deals with oysters and contains a sort of warning against them. The proverb says: "He was a bold man that first ate an oyster," and it is attributed to King James. Another English proverb says: "Oysters are a cruel meat, because we eat them alive, an uncharitable meat, for we leave nothing to the poor and an ungodly meat, because we never say grace" . . . and somebody added quite judiciously "and an unprofitable one, because it must swim in wine." To judge from this the oysters had the morals against them and it is probable that the moralists were consuming more oysters than those to whom their sermons were directed. The Scots found the right praise for the oysters and an old Scot song says: "The oysters are a gentle kin, they winna tak unless you sing." But all this is petty literature. There is one side of the oyster culture which is highly important to the poultry-farmer. There are in the Gulf of Mexico banks of oyster shells for miles and miles representing billions of dead oysters. These shells are broken off and brought to the mills of New Orleans which crush them and sell them as "oyster shells" to the trade. The shells have a highly digestible content of calcium for the formation of egg shell. And there you are; there is no waste in oysters. This friendly animal provides us with its delicate meat and its shell finds the way to good layer hens to stimulate the production of eggs.

GIOVANNI SEMICH

Vienna, Austria
XII Kaulbachstrasse, 17a.

Miscellany

THE ABOMINABLE LAKE

DEEP in the still mysterious waters of the lake a world lies drowned
How sombre and sad the silent world in the womb of the lake
Not the reflection of Tellus, not the arch of heaven
Lies in the waters of the abominable lake
But an earth and a heaven beyond the dominion of Time
Beyond the soft sensual touch of the seasonal flow
And the inviolable sequence of midnight and noon.
Poor world, my heart breaks for your sealed inarticulate woe
And the tears that are frozen in yours melt to flood in my eyes
Overflow and descend and impinge on the waters of the lake
And shatter at once the form of the silent world
But the teardrops mingle, the waters shudder and close
And again and again the sad world is revealed to my sight
Then I know, and the knowledge transfixes my sensitive heart
Not my tears nor my prayers nor my gold shall encompass at last
A freedom unthought, manumission unhoped, undesired.

STEVIE SMITH

TIME AND DRAMA

IN the spring of 1934 I saw in New York a play which made on me an impression that has not quite faded, though its title and the name of the author have gone from me. The curtain went up upon a first-night party given by an embittered competitive middle-aged dramatist, deplorably married and still more deplorably consoling himself. The only figure on the stage on which attention rested with relief was a hard-drinking woman who seemed to stand in some relation to the hero which once, at any rate, had been vital. The characters were not particularly interesting, nor was the story presently unfolded a very good one. What did, however, lend point to it was that it proceeded to move backwards. We were shown how the hero had become what he was when we first saw him, and the stages of dilapidation through which he had passed were presented in an inverse order; till the curtain fell on him as a youth leaving College full of hope and resolute idealisms. It was as though a performance of Hamlet had began with a corpse-strewn stage and closed with the remark that there was something rotten in the state of Denmark. It was a device (effective once in a way) of which we would soon tire, but what it showed was that the playgoer can be as interested in following what has happened as in what is going to happen.

Mr. Aldous Huxley, the other day, made a more subtle use of this device in *Eyeless in Gaza*, where he juxtaposed events in his hero's past life so as to get a maximum of psychological contrast out of their propinquity for the reader in spite of their being separated in time. It was not altogether

successful, because he also used this device to get easily out of situations which ought to have been followed up. But there it was; he was treating life as if it were all there at once like a river, inviting us to look now at a stretch near its source, now one lower down.

In Mr. Priestley's play, as by this time my readers have gathered from other criticisms, this conception of a life as something finished before it began, is not used as a mere device. It is accepted seriously. He has been convinced of the unreality of time by the evidence collected by Mr Dunne (*An Experiment with Time* and *The Serial Universe*). I infer this because there is a passion in this play for which conviction alone can account. But it is not necessary to share that conviction to be deeply moved by this play, any more than it is necessary to share Pirandello's philosophy that literally nothing is but thinking makes it so, in order to appreciate his drama. Mr. Priestley has made a very remarkable play out of the conception that time does not destroy but only reveals what exists outside it. I have not read Mr. Dunne's books, but that did not prevent me being profoundly interested in *Time and the Conways*.

Kay Conway on the night of her twenty-first birthday, lives through a bit of the future (for time has no effect on the future either; it is already there) and sees and hears what she and her family will be doing eighteen years hence. This scene, a vision to her, a reality to us, is the second act which not a few critics have justly praised as one of the most convincing in contemporary drama. The consolation (to my mind rather frail) which the dramatist finds in this conception of life is expressed through the mouth of Alan Conway, her eldest brother. Alan is a quietist (by the way he was most discreetly played by Mr. Raymond Huntley), who even before he had formulated this philosophy, was engaged in detaching himself from "the wheel of life." Like all the others in the play, his character is deftly indicated, and as much by their attitudes towards him, as by what he does and says himself. There is little didacticism in this play, which is lively in the most satisfying sense from beginning to end. Alan is by no means a prominent person in the play, but he is its centre of rest.

The Conways are a vigorous, prosperous provincial family of five daughters and two sons. Mrs. Conway is a handsome widow well in her forties and Miss Barbara Everest plays her to the life. Indeed, after the mention of every character, praise is due to the actress or actor; the play is the most perfectly interpreted play I have seen for a long time. Hazel is the beauty of the family who in turning the heads of many men had turned her own; Ray, the literary one, who is stage-managing a charade before our eyes; Madge, the political one, bubbling with enthusiasm and confidence that now the war is over a new good world is born; Carol, sixteen and the youngest, is the most spontaneous, kind and sympathetic of them all. The men are a young local solicitor who is rather attracted by Madge, and a tough little business man, his client, hard on the make, who has been following Hazel round and to whom it is a triumph to get into such a house as the Conways'. They all snub him—except Carol. There is also a friend of the girls, Joan Helford, a pretty commonplace girl. Robin, the younger son, who has been demobbed, turns up to the joy of his mother just as the party is over. The scene is lively enough. Some straightforward fun is got out of the dressing up and Mrs. Conway not being able to resist doing her Spanish dancer turn, though it makes hay of poor Ray's improvised drama. This act is about as good as an uninspired chapter of Arnold Bennett: true enough to life, just lively enough to hold attention. But wait: it was exactly right as the first of this play. Commonplace realism was essential to the effectiveness of what was to come; to be too much interested at this stage in the characters would have baulked Mr. Priestley's purpose. At its close, while her mother is singing Schubert off scene, Kay has her vision. She dives into the future.

Now the nature of our interest of a cross-section of the lives of a group of people is largely affected by our knowledge of what that situation led to. The merit of this act was that it pointed to nothing definite, though you might guess perhaps that there was a will of iron in little Ernest Beavers, that he would not be snubbed off the pursuit of Hazel and that he was not the sort of man to be forgiving to those who had cold-shouldered him after he had got his way. But suppose we know what is going to happen beforehand, our emotional attitude towards the people concerned and what *is* happening before our eyes becomes different; words and actions which were rather uninteresting may acquire an acute pathos or a deeper significance.

Mr. Priestley followed a sure dramatic instinct when he divided his present (the Conways' evening party) into two halves and sandwiched between them a scene from their family life which did not take place till eighteen years later. Some of my critic-colleagues have, I am sorry to say, reproved him for what is a triumph of construction. All have praised the superb second act. But the fact that I left the theatre deeply moved was due, I know, to the dramatist having allowed me to see the Conways first without the illumination due to prescience, and then again with full knowledge of what was ahead of them. Had Mr. Priestley merely moved forward in time the tragic irony of disappointed hopes would have been trite. We would not have had the chance of seeing his characters as it were stereoscopically, which it is the triumph of his play to enable us to do: to see them exhibiting themselves in character on the same evening, both before and after we know their futures, brings character out in an extraordinary way. Moreover, had he not used this method he could not have conveyed the feeling which sustains the incidents of the play, namely, that the value of any bit of life does not lie in what it is leading to. His object was to suggest that life must be judged statically, not as a process, and it could not have been done quite as well in any other way.

When we see into the future through Kay's eyes, Carol is dead; Robin and Joan Helford are miserably married (Robin, still his mother's boy, is a waster, cheering himself up with drink and sponging on her); Beavers has got his Hazel and, disgusted with his prize, is getting some satisfaction out of her terrified submission; Kay has become a humble hard-worked reporter with a prolonged love disappointment; the young solicitor, a dried-up formal lawyer; the enthusiastic reformer, Madge, a neurotic, embittered, pedantic schoolmistress (here, though it is tedious to repeat praise of the acting, I must say that both in her "dawn-of-a-new-era phase" and in her strong-minded badgered harsh transformation, Miss Molly Rankin was perfect); only, and here I salute Mr. Priestley's insight, Mrs. Conway is the same. She has lost her money; she has lost Carol, who is dead; she has lost the affection of all her children except Robin, and his is half-cupboard love. And yet she is the same. She is what she was, yet we do not get to know her thoroughly, what lies beneath that genial and confident manner, until we move again into the present. What has happened to them all during those eighteen years? It is Mr. Priestley's triumph to have shown the tiny seeds from which that acrid and desolate family gathering sprang (Act II), by simply continuing to tell the story of that one evening party.

The second half of that evening we now follow with different eyes. We now see, as I said, the characters stereoscopically. Beavers' brutality towards his in-laws (he rejoiced openly in being able to rescue them, and he wouldn't) becomes comprehensible when we see him responding that evening to Carol (Mr. Mervyn John's smile at that moment was revealing) the only Conway who treated him in obscurity with decent kindness; Madge's hatred of her mother and her mother's jibes at Madge in Act II become comprehensible as we watch Mrs. Conway that evening puncturing with bland patronage and a little spite Madge's enthusiasm at the very moment when her ardour is inspiring the young solicitor, half in love; we see feebleness in the jolly Robin and divine his mother's egotistic infatuation.

While the commonplace light-love attraction between Robin and Joan takes on a poignant significance it would never have had had it *preceded* the act which reveals their married life. "Robin, it's terribly *serious*, y' know." "Oh, yes, don't think I don't feel that, too. But that's no reason why we shouldn't enjoy ourselves, is it?" "No, no, no. Let's be happy for ever and ever." How flat that scene would have been had it come before the terrible words they exchanged in Act II! What I admired particularly was Mr. Priestley's self-restraint in Act I: no direct preparation for disillusionment; the young are seen enjoying themselves and the mother revelling in her brood. The castles in the air, so important a part of youth, come after, also the revelation of the mother's selfishness. *Time and the Conways* is a fine play. The character-drawing is full of many subtle touches, and at the same time solid. To mention only one touch—Kay's failure, before her talk with Alan, to protect herself by means of a defiantly adopted pose, as Madge had done against the misery of her life. "See," she says to Alan, "I was doing the modern working woman—a cigarette and whisky and soda—no good though." Once I thought I caught a false note: Carol is too young to read Beavers so well: "I don't think you've had enough fun. That's your trouble, Mr. Beavers." What I admired throughout was that character was presented, not dissected, interpreted through sympathy—even Mrs. Conway—not expounded intellectually, and yet all the undercurrents were revealed.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Bonnet Over the Windmill," at the New

The unsatisfactory ending in which boy doesn't quite get girl is a good trick when Miss Dodie Smith does it. It makes the audience think that it makes them think. It is like notepaper with carefully roughened edges; the innocent take it for the real thing. Janet Jason is a young girl growing into a very great actress. Anthony Hatton is a good young man who writes for boys' papers and is in love with Janet. Christopher Carson was a successful dramatist very young, but has written nothing good since he lost his love for Anthony's since dead sister. He is in danger of losing his soul and going to Hollywood. The question is "Who sleeps with who?" Janet rather forces her virginity on to Christopher who finds that her generosity means something to him, and presumably has his soul saved, but goes to Hollywood in any case. Janet is very upset, but has just received her first great opportunity on the stage and is presumably going to be an even greater actress because of her experience. And she might marry Anthony. The love stuff in this play deserves the attention of a good psycho-analyst. If it is popular the moral conventions of the sentimental playgoer must have reached new depths of morbidity. The incidental humours of the play were amiable, and the minor characters were free from the passionate priggishness of the principals. Ivy St. Helier was brilliant in a stock part, and Cecil Parker made everyone happy when he took the stage. The production was either too slow or the play too long. If any cuts are being considered, the passage where Christopher Carson the cad enters from romantic mill singing *Auprès de ma blonde* is highly recommended for removal.

"The Edge of the World," at the New Gallery

The title of this film refers to its background, the rock island of Hirta, less commonly called Foula, and by the Romans, Ultima Thule. The scene is melodramatic in a conventional way. Grey surges break on jagged promontories, seagulls wheel and cry, the crofters' huts crouch against hillsides, with stones to keep the roofs on. Cliffs frown or forbid according to the weather, and crags beetle continuously. One cannot know how continued existence on the borders of survival and non-survival amid such wild surroundings, will affect the human being. It is even conceivable that the inhabitants of bleak islands are much the same as season ticket holders if a little slower witted. The authors of the film, however, have chosen to believe that an environment can have a romantic influence on both character and physique. Their islanders are rugged, proud and elemental. Rugged and elemental in character that is, for the actors who play the parts are beautiful. But though they look brave enough to join battle with nature in the raw, they are unlike the survivors of twenty or thirty generations of such struggle. The photography is lovely—there are cliff episodes, storm scenes and an amount of grass, either blowing in sheets or silhouetted against the sky which would surprise you if you are unaccustomed to this sort of thing. The story is good, though grey and unkind to accord with the landscape, the direction is admirable, the humour of the oatcake brand. This film is artistic certainly, and probably impressive and moving, too. But it is not simple or unpretentious, and least of all is it realistic.

"A Star is Born," at the Tivoli

If one is to take this story seriously it is necessary to believe first, that being a film actress is an important and "worth while" occupation, and second, that human behaviour is regulated by clichés. Miss Janet Gaynor is shown in all the stages of a film star's career—from lonely farm girl via Malibu Beach and marriage to what is called tragedy—black veils and funeral marches. The story is so frankly banal that, though some of the detail is good, it is hard to explain, why, when the lights went up, there were so many muffled sniffs to be heard, and so many tear stained faces hidden behind handkerchiefs and newspapers. Mr. Fredric March plays a hard drinking actor without flinching at any of the obviousnesses, and Mr. Lionel Stander does the same for his first disagreeable part. Mr. Adolphe Menjou is comforting whenever he appears. Miss May Robson is a battling grandmother whose up-and-at-'em spirit provides the story with its none too impressive philosophy of life. The whole thing has been photographed in technicolour, which is a good deal more flattering to the California landscape than it is to Miss Gaynor.

"The Day is Gone," at the Embassy

The moral of this drama is that artistic-minded chemists should not kill their obnoxious wives and marry nice girls with whom their nasty policemen brothers-in-law are in love. It only leads to more trouble. Another moral is that circumstantial evidence may be misleading. The plot is well managed and not unconvincing. Strong situations are padded with character comedy and everybody in a good cast is given a chance to win a round of applause on exit. Nicholas Hannen made his good-natured murderer a little too soft and sugary, but he put across his big scenes firmly and without any fear of over-acting. Sybil Grove was good as the nasty wife and Angela Baddeley was excellent as the nice one—though her Tyneside accent needs brushing up. Harry Hilliard made a silly-ass part attractive, and Arthur Wontner as the Major was so sympathetic and such a gentleman. *The Day is Gone* is only a bundle of actors' opportunities, but they liked it well enough at the Embassy.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, September 17th—
- Ballets Russes: "The Gods Go A-Begging," Covent Garden.
- "Le Roman d'un Tricheur," Academy Cinema.
- "No Pasaran!" sound film of the Spanish Struggle, St. Alban's Hall, Golders Green, 8.

SATURDAY, September 18th—
- A Great National Pacifist Convention. Speakers include: Lord Arnold, Lord Ponsonby, Canon Dick Sheppard, Rt. Hon. George Lansbury. Central Hall, Westminster, 2.30—5 and 6—8.30.

SUNDAY, September 19th—
- John Katz on "A New Use for Philosophy," Conway Hall, 11.

MONDAY, September 20th—
- "The Moon in the Yellow River," Westminster.

TUESDAY, September 21st—
- Charles Madge on "Mass Observation," Lewis Bell Library, Vauxhall Bridge Road, 8.30.
- "Pygmalion," Old Vic.
- "Take It Easy," Palace.

WEDNESDAY, September 22nd—
- D. D. T. Jabavu on "Changes in South Africa: the Native Point of View," Friends House, 5.30.
- "I Have Been Here Before," Royalty.

THURSDAY, September 23rd—
- "Fury Over Spain," Conway Hall, 8.

FRIDAY, September 24th—
- The Antique Dealers' Fair and Exhibition, Grosvenor House. Till October 15th.
- "Copyright Reserved," Arts.
- Design and Industry Association's Conference, Bexhill. Till September 26th.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

UNTIL a week ago I knew M. Georges Bernanos only by name. I knew that as a novelist he belonged to the French neo-Catholic group (every novelist in France belongs to a group), his latest book *Nouvelle Histoire de Mouchette* (Plon, 12 *fr.*) had lain on my table for days, but I doubt if I should have read him if it had not been for the appearance in English of an earlier novel, *The Diary of a Country Priest* (Boriswood, 10*s.* 6*d*). It is pleasant to be aware of good writers one has not read, to hear them from time to time discussed, praised and quoted; their legend grows and so long as one leaves them alone, they remain among those delightful authors who do not have to be assessed. Most critics, I imagine, if they died leaving money and wished to benefit literature, would make out wills in favour of the writers they had not read. If I had ignored Poe, Webster, Conrad, what gods they would be to me now! And in time M. Bernanos, perhaps, would have attracted me by a long list of titles, a few uncut volumes on my shelves. Instead, I have finished two of his books on successive days. He seems, of course, overpraised—I expected that; he is unlikely ever to gain a very large audience in England. Yet, my laziness once overcome, I am glad to have encountered an exceptional though flawed talent. *The Diary of a Country Priest*—more of its faults later—could only have been written within the Catholic tradition; it is realistic, imaginative, absorbing. Its theme is religion. I wonder if English readers, brought up to regard religion as a subject unfit for art, realise the extent and imaginative daring of French Catholic literature? Among poets, there is Claudel; set against him Yeats and Eliot, the windy star-voyaging of the first and derivative ritualism of the second—I cannot imagine any reader being impressed by the religion of either. Among prose writers, Jouhandeau, Bremond, Mauriac, half a dozen others. Bernanos I should class with Mauriac and perhaps a little below him. Here, English novelists offer no comparison at all; I have looked round for an English parallel to *The Diary of a Country Priest* and can find none. Protestantism perhaps tends to produce cranks rather than mystics, and the tendency is not favourable to art. Oh yes, there are stories about cathedral closes by Sir Hugh Walpole, just as there are stories about solicitors and schoolmasters, but they are not novels of religious experience.

* * *

The Curé of Ambricourt—supposed author of the diary—was a failure. Too inexperienced, too undeviating, too much of a mystic—there was even, one of his colleagues complained, something of the poet in him. His parish in the north-eastern corner of France was like any other. Most of the people were bored; the poor were too poor, those who had a little money drank it, the Count was vicious and stupid and his family hysterical. The Curé, after a meagre breakfast, would meet the catechism class or set off on his round past the huddled houses into open country, reading his notebook as he walked. From his day-to-day writings we learn his routine and piece together the picture of a man, visionary, timid and stubborn, thirty years old, of peasant stock, whose long cloak and increasing ill health make the villagers suspicious. Owing to his weak stomach (an early death from cancer does not surprise us), he lives sparsely on dry bread and sugared wine; callers see the bottle on the table and the tale goes round that he tipples. He is unpractical and owes a bill or two; and "serious" men begin to raise their eyebrows. The hard looks on the faces of everyone, even the children, dismay him. His attempt to check the precocious lust of young girls under his charge brings their mothers clamouring about his ears; he even receives an anonymous letter from the governess at the château—an inveterate figure at confession—demanding that he should leave the parish. To all this his religion, and the need for making it felt, is sufficient answer. How earnestly and impatiently he waits on the advice of an older priest who has the robust wisdom he lacks! (Their discussions—he listens while the other talks—on poverty and suffering and the office of a priest are extremely moving.) Subtly, in self-confession, we feel the weakness which will destroy him: not merely inherited ill health, an atrocious childhood and the sufferings of his vocation, but the inability ever to be calm in the presence of others. Even walking along the road he is nervous of his "good morning" to a passer-by lest it should go unanswered. He values, perhaps, and pities too much the *solitude* of human beings properly to understand them. His own solitude is filled with the communion with God. Such an attitude fits a monk; a parish priest has also to address a flock who are more likely to notice the stubble on his chin.

* * *

Reading this book, with its spiritual preoccupations and its confession of heroic suffering, I was reminded forcibly of Léon Bloy. If you want to find a background for M. Bernanos' story provided by the life of a man of genius, read Bloy's own journal, *Le Mendiant Ingrat*. It is an extraordinary record of the poverty, energy, torments, rages and blazing intuitions of a mystic who was also an artist. Bloy was the most heroic and the most hated writer of his time; it is a shock to turn from the polite pages of Proust or Verlaine and confront this thundering prophet who took on himself the sufferings of Job without Job's patience. He is the French Carlyle; but a more profound thinker than Carlyle (his influence is only now beginning to be felt) and a far finer artist. His masterpiece, *Une Femme Pauvre* (1897), fixed a new type of novel—the novel combining poetic with religious and psychological experience. Its picture of poverty, of spiritual exaltation and the struggle against relentless persecution is grandiose and terrifying. There are few more appalling scenes in literature than the death of Marchenoir's child in a Paris slum (Bloy's own child had died in this way), or the campaign of slander later in the book, when Marchenoir takes his family to live in a suburb. Two old women gossip at the window opposite; day after day their mutter becomes a drum-roll, to which neighbours listen behind curtains, and the maniac laughter of one of them, breaking out at moments, can be heard in the fields two miles off. In the realisation of such scenes Bloy is a master; his loathing of spiritual meanness equals Flaubert's detestation of the bourgeois. Bloy's characters—and Bloy himself—are saints surrounded by a race of chattering and malevolent apes; if they even travel by train the booking clerk will pull a face at them. But the book contains, too, passages of serene and soaring thought as impressive as *Axel*: I remember the exquisite passage describing a visit to the Jardin des Plantes and a poet's speech on the place of animals in creation. M. Bernanos' *Diary of a Country Priest* revives memories of the earlier book partly by its subject—the solitude and inner drama of its central character, the insistence on poverty, suffering and evil—and partly by its failure to meet the supreme difficulties which a writer influenced by Bloy must overcome. Bloy was a poet and carried everything by imagination; M. Bernanos is a realist, he aims at exact psychology and at times we question the way in which his characters talk and behave. When he exaggerates, as he tends to, we are disturbed. Moreover, the diary form is lost in the long speeches of everyone with whom the Curé talks, and in passages which belong to a narrative convention. Too much of the book, in fact, is undisguisedly written by a *novelist*, and the Curé though "a bit of a poet" was certainly not a novelist. Nevertheless, despite these faults, which seem to me to reveal a fundamental coarseness of imagination, *Un Curé de Compagne* is a book with remarkable qualities. It has, as I have pointed out, no parallel in modern English fiction (Lawrence is our only mystical writer), and if only for that reason it should be read. The translation by Miss Pamela Morris reads well. *Nouvelle Histoire de Mouchette* is the short novel of a peasant girl of fourteen seduced by a drunken preacher. Again the

insistence on poverty and insight into poor lives, the fascination of evil, the psychological mistakes (" no man ever attempts suicide twice "), the death scene recalling Bloy. It is extraordinarily vivid, brilliantly written, and finally—for here the author's " view of life " has been left out—impressive but rather empty. M. Bernanos is obviously a novelist of substantial talent; whether he could ever write a completely satisfying book, I doubt. G. W. STONIER

NEW NOVELS

Starting Point. By C. DAY LEWIS. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.
Brynhild. By H. G. WELLS. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.
You're in the Racket, Too. By JAMES CURTIS. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.
The Woman Clothed with the Sun. By F. L. LUCAS. *Cassell.* 8s. 6d.

Starting Point is Mr. Day Lewis's second novel. His first, *The Friendly Tree*, I did not read; but if it was really as sentimental as title, theme and some notices combined to suggest, then *Starting Point* marks an enormous advance. It is as alert and intelligent as any novel that has recently come my way; and at the same time most happily unpretentious in manner. The author, whose place in poetry and politics is with the advance guard, is content, when it comes to fiction, with the neat manipulation of old, but still fertile, forms and conventions. Some, I am sure, will think it too conventional altogether. The book opens at Oxford in 1926, on the eve of the General Strike; a Bright Young Don is giving a party, at which everybody is elaborately smart, brittle, aesthetic and unpolitical. All close enough to the truth, but at this point one dreads another of those Oxford-and-afterwards books. When we begin to make the acquaintance of the four oddly assorted young men who share digs, we seem at first to be back in the second volume of *Sinister Street*. There is Theodore Follett, brilliant ninety-ish egotist; John Henderson, serious-minded scientist from a board-school; Henry Voyce, good-natured, enthusiastic butt; and Anthony Neale, intelligent athlete, all things to all men, Horatio-like point of reference for the other three. Pleasant enough material, certainly; but hardly exhilarating. Before long, however, we become aware that Mr. Day Lewis is achieving his purpose: what is merely typical clears away like mist from the heads of the four, and together with a number of minor characters (notably the actress, Theo's mother) they begin to stand out, beautifully clear and alive.

The title is suggested by a sentence of Kafka: " From a certain point onward there is no longer any turning back. That is the point that must be reached." It is no surprise to learn that the point in question is the discovery of the necessity of Communism; far more surprising is the ease and subtlety with which the author has interwoven the story of his characters' loves and friendships with the social and political background. (In this respect his book has certain points in common with *Howards End*.) Anthony and his friends are not just characters in a plot who every now and then step out of the plot and lay aside their personal affairs in order to attend or, worse still, to deliver a political lecture; nor, on the other hand, are they founts of pure politics, mere mouthpieces of Marxism or Liberalism (though such persons do exist, and the book contains a neat sketch of one of them). They are rather, like most of us, pushed backwards and forwards by varying factors of character, inheritance, environment and personal relationship towards their different solutions: Henry into the running of a boys' club at Rotherhithe; John, the bitter undergraduate Socialist, into unwilling acquiescence, for domestic reasons, in the existing system; Anthony on the other hand, a volunteer during the General Strike, into throwing up a schoolmastership in order to join the Party, and—at the end—volunteer for Spain. Mr. Day Lewis shows so easy an understanding of decent, ordinary people of the middle and upper classes, and his picture is in general so truthful, that his account of Anthony's final capitulation and reception into the fold is worth special attention:

> Anthony was silent for a little. Then, with no sensation of any portentous conflict ended, any life-changing decision reached—almost as though for years he had been gauging his strength against some tremendous obstacle and, now that he had to lift it, it was light as feathers in his hand—he said:
> " Very well, then. I'll come in."

How sharply that passage emphasises the *religious* nature of the surrender. There are a thousand parallels in the literature of conversion. *Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.* Communism, the Catholic Church and the Peace Pledge Movement all possess one great attraction which their rivals cannot hope to claim: the appeal of the absolute. They answer *all* questions, they are complete, they are final. *Art thou weary? Art thou languid?* No wonder they all appeal to tired and generous spirits, who are hot for certainties and sore distressed; no wonder Mr. Day Lewis allows his sensible Anthony to claim that " only a knave or a fool " would deny the truth of Marxist theory, though he must know that thousands do so who are neither. But, whether you are sympathetic or not with its assumptions, *Starting Point* remains an excellent novel, full of memorable characters and of dialogue which, if it occasionally verges on the facetious, is never dull and often witty.

The inexhaustible Mr. Wells is thoroughly enjoyable in his latest novel. Brynhild Palace (how he revels in improbable names!) is the wife of an exceedingly vain author, whose pursuit of literary fame with the far from discreet assistance of a publicity agent named Immanuel Coote occupies the bulk of the book. The charming and sensible Brynhild is disgusted and falls into the arms of his literary rival, Mr. Bunter. It all flows along in the most readable way, but you have the feeling that Mr. Wells is by now so resourceful and so skilful that he has hardly troubled to think out the plan of his book in advance. *Brynhild* contains material for two or three short stories rather imperfectly stuck together: the pure satire of the publicity agent, the social comedy of the literary-aristocratic circle, finally the love affair of Brynhild and Mr. Bunter, whose highly complicated past has to be squeezed into a single chapter of confession. The whole does not rank with the best pieces of Wellsian carpentry, but the detail is vivid and amusing; I particularly enjoyed a week-end at Valliant Chevrell, complete with charades, tea under the cedar on the lawn, and a distant dinner-gong that " boomed like China, Farther India, and the Coromandel Coast."

The author of *The Gilt Kid* and *There Ain't No Justice* continues in his new novel his exploration of London low-life. His

FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE can be every widow's INHERITANCE

Make certain that *your* widow would be free from financial anxiety. A "Widow's Income" Policy will not only ensure your own peace of mind, but will provide the comfort and security of a guaranteed income for the lifetime of your wife if she is left to face the world alone.

An enquiry for full details and for an illustration suited to your own circumstances will cost you nothing; rest assured you will incur no obligation by doing so.

LEGAL & GENERAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY LTD.

Head Office
10 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.
Established 1836. *Assets exceed £39,500,000*
Branches & Agencies throughout the World.

Snoweys and Pidgies, blackmailers, tarts, burglars and fences certainly sound authentic enough: indeed, their speech is so authentic that I recommend all readers of normally polite antecedents to possess themselves of Partridge's *Dictionary of Slang* before they read—if only for amusement's sake. It is strange that in Mr. Damon Runyon's tough New York every detail of speech can be instantly guessed, whereas in Mr. Curtis' somewhat less tough London words, phrases, and even whole sentences sometimes elude our understanding. If you have an unlimited appetite for fictional Wides and Toughs you will enjoy this amusing tale. Mr. Curtis is less successful with the burgled and blackmailed. The horrible Krebs family is fairly good; but Dickie Lambert is a shadowy young man: no mug it seems at first, but nevertheless capable of producing £100 after a little very mild blackmailing which any policeman would have stopped for him, and that without the slightest danger to himself. The coincidence by which the object of Snowey's blackmailing is engaged to the daughter of the house he burgles strains credulity a little too far.

Mr. Lucas, for whose critical writing I have the greatest admiration and respect, seems, if one is to judge by the present volume, less happy in the creative field. It contains ten short stories ranging in date from A.D. 53 to A.D. 1995, many of them informed by an admirable, if rather querulous, hatred of dictators and tyranny. One of the best, "The Last Flight of Vincenzo de Amicis," appeared first in this journal. Less satisfactory is "The Dictator," the story of a man who, given by the doctor six months to live, decides to spend them in planning and executing the assassination of Marshal Julius Wernigerode, the bestial Dictator of Mitropa whom Mr. Lucas supposes to have supplanted, and surpassed in horror, both Hitler and Mussolini. Our sympathy with the doomed assassin is damped at the outset by the highly coloured style of his journal. "All the trees busy bringing their green hearts out on to their sleeves again . . . I write under my crab-apple in blossom—a heap of pink snow against the blue of afternoon—my last cuckoo, just arrived, calling good-bye across the hill." Positively Winn-some, I call it. After this it is no surprise to find that he misses his first chance of blowing up the Enemy of Mankind because "two of the loveliest little creatures I have ever seen" (unspecified, but evidently closely related to Mr. Sponge) are at that moment gambolling in the path of destruction: "I hesitated at the thought of that vivid little body below, scorched all at once to a rag of tattered fur." Meanwhile the murderous Marshal drives on. Well, well!

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE DEFEAT OF PACIFISM

Collective Insecurity. By H. M. SWANWICK. *Cape.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

This book is pathetic enough to draw tears from a hardened reviewer, if that were possible. For if Mrs. Swanwick is right—and she may well be right—then it follows, though she is not herself aware of it, that the human race is utterly hopeless, that no kind of stable pacific civilisation is possible, that the normal relationship of human communities to one another must be that of the wolf and the jackal, that the normal major occupation of man in communities must be persecution and slaughter of one another, and that the sooner this stupid, bloodthirsty species of bipeds exterminates itself by birth control and high explosives and allows the stars to get on with their senseless but at least dignified business of hurrying through space unencumbered and untainted by this disgusting little creature and its disgusting excretion which it calls reason, the better it will be for the universe.

That surely is a conclusion gloomy enough to make even a reviewer weep, and what adds to our despair is that Mrs. Swanwick herself is so cheerfully unaware of her conclusion. The main purpose of her book is to prove that the League of Nations failed because of the sanctions clauses in the Covenant, and that every international system or system of collective security must inevitably fail if there is any agreement to use force or to resist force collectively. This may, of course, be true, but even the most absolute and pacific of pacifists has to admit that it looks as if something or other must be done to prevent Europeans and European civilisation destroying themselves by another "Great War"; and when Mrs. Swanwick addresses herself to this "something or other," she has absolutely nothing to say or propose which, in the existing international situation and with the existing communal psychology of the human herds which we call civilised nations, has any relevance at all to the making of peace or prevention of war. For what in fact has she got to say and what has she to put in the place of the League, whose destruction she contemplates with such self-satisfied complacency? Nothing but the commonplaces which all pacifists of all sects, from sanctionists to absolutists, have been saying for the last hundred years and aspirations disguised as generalisations which every one, from Dick Sheppard to Lord Cecil and from George Lansbury to Adolf Hitler, will subscribe to. If anyone cares to see how complete the defeat of pacifism has been owing to the events of the last five years, he should read the two concluding chapters of this book on "Stopping War" and "Making Peace."

Mrs. Swanwick never attempts to touch the real problem in the stopping of war and the making of peace. The real problem is the actual existence of force, in its most destructive and cruel forms, organised on a gigantic scale and controlled by the governments (i.e., in the last resort by small bodies of men) of independent, national states. In fact, there is no control by European society, by the European community, as a whole of this terrific force and its vast engines of death and destruction; at any moment, one man or a handful of men in some country may set it in motion against the civilian population of another. Three, if not four times, we have seen this done in the last ten years. Whatever words or fables or moralities you like to spin over these stark facts, the naked truth remains underneath, namely that this is anarchy of the most barbarous description and that, if force is not canalised and controlled internationally as it has been within nations, another "Great War" will soon devastate Europe. All the governments and most of the people in the various states of Europe are well aware of this by now—and are in a condition of panic. They are in terror that at any moment their neighbour will launch his aeroplanes and his bombs upon them. Their panic and fear are justified, though their method of making themselves secure—more bombs and more aeroplanes—is imbecile. What is Mrs. Swanwick's method of dealing with this terrifying situation? She sees, quite rightly, that peace is impossible without "confidence," which is another word for a feeling of security. How does she propose to restore confidence to the Czechoslovaks, the French, the British, the surviving Spaniards and Abyssinians, the Chinese in Shanghai, and last but not least Adolf Hitler in Berlin and Benito Mussolini in Rome? By saying to them: "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will bomb or be bombed. The way to stop war is not to go to war. The way to stop war is to make peace, to be good, to disarm, to give Herr Hitler back his colonies, to assure the Germans that they were not guilty of the last war, to have a strong ethical faith."

I should have thought that nearly all pacifists, including believers in the League and in sanctions, have been saying ever since 1918 and even before it that what Mrs. Swanwick here proposes is eminently desirable, and that many of her proposals are essential foundations for a durable peace. But to think that they are by themselves capable of restoring confidence, a sense of security, in the panic-stricken anarchy of Europe to-day would be to console oneself with a self-evident delusion because you dare not face the hopelessness of facts. Mrs. Swanwick simply stands on dry land and advises a man who cannot swim and is drowning in deep water to hurry home as quickly as possible and take swimming lessons.

The problem which Mrs. Swanwick does not face, but which the world will have to face, if civilisation is to continue, is the existence and control of force internationally. The League system of collective security was an attempt to solve it. It has, no doubt, failed. It may have failed because human beings are so stupid and so savage that they are unable or unwilling to subject international force to the communal control to which they have subjected it in the relations between individuals and between smaller communities like cities and districts. Or it may have failed because the circumstances in which it was established and the men who had to work it were incapable of giving it a fair trial. On this difficult and vital question Mrs. Swanwick is not a safe guide. Not only does she habitually shirk the central problem, but she continually—though no doubt unintentionally—misrepresents the League system and the arguments of those whom she calls sanctionists. The collective security system of the League is based upon an obligation on all members to come to the assistance of any member state against whom an attack, i.e., war, is made. It seeks to control and canalise force internationally by making it certain or probable that, if a State resorts to war, it will be resisted and the victim of aggression protected by all the other members of the League. I repeat that it is possible, perhaps probable, that the human race is too stupid

MACMILLAN

CIVITAS DEI Volume II. By Lionel Curtis. 12s. 6d.

"I was left with a sincere admiration of the convincing quality of his narrative in its entirety."—*G. M. Young (Sunday Times).*

"A brilliant, luminous study."—*British Weekly.*

"Needless to say, this central part of a spacious trilogy is a most eloquent and earnest book, in which the author brings all his faculties of mind and soul together and lifts them to the height of an argument."—*Howard A. Gray (The Observer).*

TOWN AND COUNTRY IN SOUTHERN FRANCE 12s. 6d.
By Frances Strang. *With 48 page plates, from original drawings by* Ian Strang, R.E.

The travels described in this delightfully illustrated book include towns and districts of Provence, Languedoc, Le Velay, the Basque Country, Quercy, Dordogne, Ariège and Béarn.

"The text, with its wealth of detail and human references, is worthy not only of that delightful part of France, but also of the plates."—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"The architectural studies are magnificent, and I like the landscapes even more."—*Edward Shanks (Sunday Times).*

THE MAKING OF AMERICAN CIVILISATION 12s. 6d.
By Charles A. Beard and Mary R. Beard. *With numerous illustrations in colour and in black and white, and Maps.*

This volume contains the story of the whole of American civilisation. It tells of the country's people, industries, professions, science, inventions, art, music, literature, religion, education, beliefs, opinions, international relations, political development, military history, and social progress.

HUMAN AFFAIRS Planned and Edited by R. B. Cattell, M.A., B.Sc., Ph.D., J. Cohen, M.A., and R. M. W. Travers, B.Sc. 10s. 6d.

The three editors are young professional psychologists who have induced a number of famous scientists—each a leader in his own field—to co-operate in this authoritative exposition of what science can do for Man.

The authors are as follows: Prof. J. B. S. Haldane, Prof. David Katz, Dr. A. S. J. Baster, Mr. E. Chambers, M.A., Lord Raglan, Dr. C. P. Blacker, Sir Henry Brackenbury, Dr. R. B. Cattell, Prof. M. Ginsberg, Dr. Havelock Ellis, Prof. B. Malinowski, Dr. Emanuel Miller, Prof. K. Mannheim, The Earl of Listowel, and Prof. William McDougall.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION OF INDIA By G. N. Joshi, Advocate, O.S., Professor of Constitutional Law, Government Law College, Bombay 7s. 6d.

"Mr. Joshi's book is an impartial exposition of the New Constitution of India under the Government of India Act, 1935, without any political bias, and puts before the student and the general reader a complete picture of the whole system embodied in the Act."—*From the Foreword.*

Second Edition of Sir John Boyd Orr's famous book

FOOD, HEALTH AND INCOME: Report on a Survey of Adequacy of Diet in Relation to Income. By Sir John Boyd Orr, D.S.O., F.R.S., LL.D. *With diagrams.* 2s. 6d.

"This report deals with the problem of national nutrition on such a large scale and yet in such detail that it will prove of great value to workers in very many fields, and deserves study by all."—*The British Medical Journal.*

"In recent years, no increase in knowledge has been more useful to society than that contributed by Sir John Orr and others in their researches into nutrition."—*Spectator.*

Recent Works on Economics and Finance

THE THEORY OF FORWARD EXCHANGE By Dr. Paul Einzig 21s. net

"Dr. Einzig's challenging work will deservedly receive a warm welcome from economic students and business men, who will recognise the book as a very serious contribution to the understanding of a difficult subject. . . . Readers may be assured that they will find the book lucid, stimulating and provocative."—*Sir Cecil Kisch (Financial News).*

A STUDY OF THE CAPITAL MARKET IN POST-WAR BRITAIN
By A. T. K. Grant 12s. net

"A comprehensive study of a very wide and complicated subject."—*Investors' Review.*

"Mr. Grant's study is a much more comprehensive investigation into recent and present-day economic conditions than the title might perhaps lead the reader to expect . . . Mr. Grant's book is throughout thoughtful and well-informed."—*Scotsman.*

[All prices are net]

MACMILLAN

and ferocious to work such a system and that it will continue to destroy itself and its civilisations periodically. But it is not, as Mrs. Swanwick continually represents it, a system which "concocts schemes for the punishment of war-makers." It is not "a complete system of pains and penalties"—there are no pains and penalties in the Covenant—but a system for common resistance to war. It is not a system under which States "wage war, in combination with one or other of the belligerents, in the name of a group of States (members) against an offender," but a system under which States in combination come to the assistance of any member State which is attacked. The extent to which Mrs. Swanwick misunderstands those she disagrees with can be shown by a single instance. Mr. Arnold-Forster has said that "it is plain that the States co-operating to protect the covenants of the League must have on their side, collectively, a much greater power than on the side of the covenant-breaker." Upon this Mrs. Swanwick comments: "But why, incidentally one may ask, protect only *selected* covenants of the League? Why not all?" The answer to her question is of course that the League is not, as she represents it, a complete system of pains and penalties with an obligation on its members to "make war" on any State which does not comply with its obligations. It is a system based upon two fundamental obligations, and only two: the obligation not to go to war and the obligation of common resistance to any State which breaks this first obligation and goes to war. It is not a *selected* covenant that the League protects and is here in question; it is the one and only covenant with which the League as an instrument of collective security and for preventing war is concerned: *the covenant not to go to war.* LEONARD WOOLF

THE MILITANT CHRIST

The Life of Jesus. By CONRAD NOEL. *Dent.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

One reason why Christ is able to stand as the ideal figure to so many different types of people is that the records of his life are sketchy, dubious and inconsistent. An anthropologist may regard the gospel story as a superb example of popular myth-making; the churchman reads it as the inspired record of a super-natural being; the pacifist regards Christ as the greatest exponent of the philosophy of non-violence; while, to cut the list short, Conrad Noel describes Christ as a miracle-worker, a Communist, and the would-be leader of a violent revolution. I appreciate the ingenuity he displays in supporting this interpretation. I have read his book with constant interest and I have learnt a lot from it. My opinion is confirmed that, if one has been brought up as a Christian at all, one sees in Jesus just that type of figure that one learnt most to admire in childhood. For my part I agree with Conrad Noel about Christ's Communism and revolutionary spirit, but find the evidence for the violent insurrection inadequate, and the story of the miracle-worker inconsistent and inconclusive. But then I was brought up as a Nonconformist, a pacifist and a Socialist.

The great merit of Conrad Noel's book is that it places the life of Christ against the wider historical background of his period. We know a lot about the Roman Empire in the first century B.C., and much of the New Testament only becomes intelligible when we remember that Jewish nationalism was vehement, insurrections common and that the rich or clever Jew under the Romans was very much in the position of the well-to-do Hindu to-day in the Indian Empire, torn between patriotism and the expediency of keeping in well with the Imperial rulers of his country. Conrad Noel thinks that Christ was tempted to exploit this nationalism and to lead a purely political insurrection; part of his greatness was to see the dangers of this and to refuse to lead any movement which was not internationalist and socialist. There are passages to support this view as well as some that are inconsistent with it. Historical proof is not possible. In my view there are two serious objections to Conrad Noel's interpretation. The first arises from the confusion of divine and human in the New Testament account of Christ and the second is what appears to me to be the contradiction between the general tenor of Christ's teaching and the militancy which Conrad Noel ascribes to him.

Personally, if I were a priest like Conrad Noel, and believed as much in the miraculous element as he does, I should find Christ quite uninteresting as a revolutionary leader. Obviously his problem would be so different from Lenin's or Conrad Noel's or mine that the story would be valueless from the political point of view. Conrad Noel decides to accept as authentic such incidents as the Gadarene swine, the feeding of the five thousand and the raising of Lazarus from the dead. As a student of biblical literature and the "higher criticism," he is willing to admit possibilities of error in the record and of myth-making in the interpretation, and he finds it necessary to remind us that matter is after all only electricity and that wireless telegraphy would have seemed a miracle only a few years ago. He admits difficulty, but ends up by believing rather than doubting. His arguments do not always satisfy himself. Take his footnote on the raising of Lazarus from the dead. This story poses such difficult questions as why such an outstanding miracle is only recorded in the Gospel of John, admittedly written so long after the event, and whether we are to suppose that the body of Lazarus had been corrupting for three days in the tomb. He says of this:—

> If, however, the Master could have raised the body of Lazarus from the dead, he could have surely preserved it from corruption.

(And by the same token, he could have prevented him from dying and raised up other worthy people or indeed abolished death itself.) He then goes on to argue that Lazarus probably became a missionary and may have been alive and liable to persecution at the time the synoptic gospels were written, and that for that reason the story may have been deliberately omitted by Matthew, Mark and Luke. He ends the footnote:—

> These arguments may not be convincing, but they are at least worth considering.

Well, are they? To me, the whole of this supernatural element invalidates the human story which Conrad Noel is trying to tell. A revolutionary who can raise people from the dead may no doubt have his own problems, but they are not problems which human beings can understand or find interesting.

I sympathise with Conrad Noel's objection to the pacifist Christ, if pacifism means what he often assumes it to mean. He uses the word in two senses. He loses no opportunity of rubbing in his point that Christ was not the sort of person to take things lying down, to accept the existing system and meekly give in to the Authorities when it was dangerous to abuse them. On that there can be no argument. The gospel story is full of stories of Christ defying the Powers-that-be, scolding

New Governments in Europe

We are ringside spectators and like to think we see most of the game. But those who stand farther off do not get the dust in their eyes, and it is from skilled observers across the Atlantic that a student may most reasonably expect a balanced survey of contemporary European affairs. A second edition of *New Governments in Europe*, a publication of the American Foreign Policy Association under the editorship of Raymond L. Buell, is now ready and on sale in England.

When this book first appeared, in 1934, the *Times* spoke of it as "Illuminating and invaluable. The three main sections on Fascism, Nazi-ism, and Bolshevism are models of dispassionate diagnosis and exhaustive exposition." It is now revised throughout and includes a full chapter on Republican Spain and the Civil War. The whole is a factual survey, of importance to all political students.

New Governments in Europe, edited by R. L. Buell, 10/6 net from any bookshop.

NELSON

35 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.4

Conrad's Prefaces to his Works

WITH AN ESSAY BY EDWARD GARNETT

'A book which every reader who holds the work of Joseph Conrad in honour and affection will desire to possess. Conrad put all himself into these generally brief but exquisitely written confessions of his mood and purpose and travail in achieving his creations.'—*Morning Post.* 7/6

Now I'm Sixteen

DOUGLAS POPE

'That so subtle and, above all, so simple a book should have been written by a boy of sixteen is indeed astonishing; he certainly possesses unusual literary gifts.'—HAROLD NICOLSON in the *Daily Telegraph.* 8/6

I Chose Teaching

RONALD GURNER

'To Mr. Gurner education is one of the most difficult of all the arts. And the devotion with which he himself has pursued this art renders his book passionately alive.'—HAROLD NICOLSON in the *Daily Telegraph.* 10/6

The Birth of Language

R. A. WILSON

A new and highly original exposition of the emergence of language with the coming of the conscious mind into the scheme of things. This absorbing book is of very general interest, written with reference to the work of great scientists and philosophers, but compelling attention by its originality and perceptiveness. 8/6

The Wooden Spoon

WYN GRIFFITH

It is not merely a work of promise, but an achievement of indubitable distinction. Authentic inspiration and an assured craftsmanship have gone to its shaping.'—WILFRED GIBSON in the *Manchester Guardian.* 7/6

All prices are net

DENT

JUST PUBLISHED

J. A. SPENDER

MEN AND THINGS

'These urbane and charming dissertations on men and affairs.'—*Yorkshire Post.*

'Mr. Spender continues unwearied to bestow the fruits of his garnered wisdom and experience on his age. And it is a rich harvest.'—*Morning Post.*

'There is something here for almost every sort of reader.'—*Observer.* 10s. 6d. *net.*

An Introduction To PACIFISM

PHILIP S. MUMFORD

A *real* exposition of the doctrine of Pacifism.—*Rose Macauley* says:

'An admirably lucid and sane exposition of the pacifist position, meeting criticisms ably, and without evasion of sentimentality.' 2s. *net.*

TOGETHER WE STAND

LEONARD J. REID

Financial Editor of "The Daily Telegraph"

R. W. Bingham calls the author's plea for economic co-operation between America and the U.S.A.: 'The most understanding, comprehensive and intelligent articles which have been published in Great Britain for many years.' 5s. *net.*

H. A. Vachell The GOLDEN HOUSE

'A rich, kindly, and human tale.'—*Sunday Mercury.* 8s. 6d. *net.*

F. L. Lucas's brilliant new stories

THE WOMAN CLOTHED WITH THE SUN

'Beautifully written; and there is a distinction of thought and feeling common to all of them.'—*Books of To-day.* 8s. 6d. *net.*

STORM JAMESON

THE MOON IS MAKING

'The greatest novel yet to her credit.'—*News Chronicle.*

'This is the best novel she has yet written. . . It is a grand book . . . a Yorkshire classic.'—*Phyllis Bentley* (*Yorkshire Post*).

'An intense, flaming piece of work.'—*H. E. Bates* (*Morning Post*).

'I believe her to possess genius. . . .'—*Richard Church* (*John o' London*). 8s. 6d. *net.*

CASSELL

the Scribes and Pharisees and boldly championing the oppressed and outcast. The Christ of the gospels was no gentle namby-pamby, but a revolutionary teacher who was put to death because his teaching was politically dangerous. But it is a jump from that assertion to the very different statement that Jesus believed in revolution by physical force. On the contrary, the very centre of his teaching, if one may take the Sermon on the Mount as such, is that the right method of standing for justice and asserting one's principles is to urge them strongly, even if necessary to the point of rousing one's enemies to persecute and kill one, but never to attempt to convince by any other methods than those of reason and example. The whole body of doctrine that centres round the injunction not to resist evil but to overcome it by good —a text which Conrad Noel does not stress—appears to me the distinctive part of Christianity. I regard Gandhi, who has certainly not "accepted" or been a pacifist in Conrad Noel's first sense, as probably being of all modern leaders the most faithful interpreter of the philosophy of the gospels. Non-violent resistance appears to me to be what Christ taught, and I find the quotations used by Conrad Noel and others to show that Christ believed in violence entirely unconvincing. Indeed, they seem to help the pacifist interpretation. The "two swords" text is admittedly obscure from any point of view. It is as futile from the militant point of view as it is inconsequent from the pacifist. (Conrad Noel has an ingenious idea about a bodyguard to save Christ from assassination, but it is just a guess with no evidence to support it.) Such remarks as that Christ came to bring not peace but a sword are clearly not a declaration of any desire or intention to fight, but the statement of a fact that must be obvious to any far-sighted teacher of new doctrine that the effects of his mission would be disturbance and possibly bloodshed. The whip of small cords with which Christ drove the moneychangers from the temple appears to be the most obvious example of what is called moral as opposed to physical force. The story describes a courtyard full of merchants and cattle-drovers; a single individual burning with religious zeal and carrying a whip in his hand drives them out with a rebuke. Clearly the force used was the force of personality, not the physical strength of one against many.

As a sociological interpretation of a life of Christ Conrad Noel's book is valuable and full of ideas. His habit of linking Christ's gospel with the partial failures and successes of the French and Russian revolutions will shock some people. Historically it is perfectly correct. Christ did give an immense impetus to ideas of equality, of individual value and of social co-operation which are still struggling for victory in the world to-day. Conrad Noel, however, does not consider the other aspect of the story—how the wonder-working Christ has complicated and disturbed the social influence of the revolutionary Christ. Jesus, as I read the story, was a mystic who made mistakes, who sometimes believed in a Kingdom of Heaven as a spiritual state of mind, sometimes as a Messianic Second Coming, sometimes as a co-operative Commonwealth to be realised shortly in Judea and beyond. I find this figure fascinating and I have gained new insight into his teaching from this book—whenever Conrad Noel forgets to apologise for the mythical Christ on whom the Catholic Church is founded. For this mythical Christ has always been used by the Church to frustrate the ideas of love and equality which are the essential teaching of the Christ of the gospel story. KINGSLEY MARTIN

Ninette de Valois

INVITATION
TO THE
BALLET

'Of surpassing interest . . . Having read this book one understands why, under the guidance of a mind so vigorous and experienced, the English ballet is at last coming into its own.'
DAILY TELEGRAPH

'To be admired as much for the experience and thought that have gone to its making as for its frankness and originality of outlook.'
SPECTATOR

40 superb illustrations. 12s. 6d. net.

The Bodley Head

PICTURES FROM CATALONIA

Catalan Art. *Heinemann.* 42s.

Even culture has its place in politics. Herr Hitler has appointed his ox-like colleague an art critic. General Franco has bombed Guernica and the Prado and his men have wantonly murdered the poet Lorca. To all these activities and to the tendencies of which they are the outward sign, the Spanish Government has been heroically opposite. *Catalan Art* is not only a gesture of stability, it is something new in wartime publicity—astonishing evidence of moderation and civilisation on the part of the Popular Front Government at a time when they might be forgiven if they gave themselves up, as the Fascists have done and as England did in the Great War, to slander and vilification. And this book is in itself only the first fruits of the work that is going on in Spain to-day. Under the monarchy the cathedral of Llieda was turned into a military barracks and its sculpture limewashed over. To-day Government soldiers, under the direction of the officer commanding the district, are restoring it to its former condition. In Barcelona Cathedral a Gothic altar piece was found nailed face to a wall to serve as panelling—it has been removed to a museum. Churches and monasteries have habitually sold their ancient treasures and replaced them with tawdry and gilt. Under the new order churches have been declared national monuments, all movable works of art have been photographed and safeguarded. Something has had to bear the brunt of the resentment felt by the people against the priests who have been their masters—so church furniture and plaster Madonnas have suffered for being identified with reaction. Even the otherwise impartial authors of this book allow a note of moral reproof to creep in when they speak of baroque "whose gilded shame incited particularly the vengeance of the people."

"Catalan" as it is understood here limits the duration as much as the situation of the art. It applies to all Catalan-speaking districts—Valencia, Catalonia, Roussillon, Narbonne for the period of Barcelona's sea power. Wilfred the Rough was first Count of Barcelona in 895 and his dynasty ruled in Catalonia for 500 years. When the Kingdom of Aragon and Catalonia merged with the Kingdom of Castile, Barcelona's power was in decline. Soon after 1500 her artistic tradition vanished as suddenly (and at almost the same moment) as the School of Avignon. The Catalan artists had made, so far as one can see, no very important advances on their own initiative, and beyond their immediate neighbours had no great influence. Their art was at all times the characteristic art of the epoch, brought out with a local flavour. It is always susceptible to influences from without. The earliest buildings and frescoes are Byzantine in form, but include Arab and Carolingian details. Catalan Romanesque is Lombard by way of Languedoc. The painting and sculpture of the time is more local in taste, and is probably due to the schools of illumination which were then flourishing in Catalonia and which spread Hispanic motives in other parts of Europe. It is known, for example, that the sculpture on the doorway at Ripoll was copied directly from a Bible, and the frescoed apses at Tahull show obvious signs of being derived from illumination. It seems reasonable to suppose that the richly linear mouldings at St. Genis as well as the grotesques of Serrabona and Girona come from similar sources. Gothic was first brought in by Cistercians at the end of the twelfth

AIR DEFENCE and the CIVIL POPULATION

By H. Montgomery Hyde and G. R. Falkiner Nuttall

"This is the first comprehensive survey of the subject to appear in English, and it is worthy of close study by Government officials as well as by members of the public." THE TIMES

"I recommend this book to all those who have the security of their country at heart." LORD SEMPILL

12/6 net

LITTLE VALLEY

By Raymond Otis

"While the story grips the imagination there is, too, a feeling that something has been learnt of a little-known part of the globe." THE QUEEN

7/6 net

HOT STRIP TEASE

By Geoffrey Gorer

"shrewd and amusing." THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

"This is a brightly written, briskly self-confident book." THE NEW STATESMAN

6/- net

ANNO XIIII

By Marshal De Bono

"If anyone doubts whether common action under the League could have stopped Italy let him read De Bono's artless and revealing book, sponsored by Mussolini himself." NEWS-CHRONICLE

12/6 net

THE CRESSET PRESS LIMITED

EDUCATION AS A SOCIAL FACTOR

M. L. Jacks, M.A.

(Headmaster of Mill Hill School, recently appointed Director of Education at Oxford University)

In his new book, Mr. Jacks surveys the whole field of education, and discusses the part played in it by home, school, university, church and state. He speaks with the authority of an experienced headmaster and future Director of Education.

5s. net

THE PSYCHOLOGIST AT WORK

M. R. Harrower, Ph.D.

With a preface by Professor Karl Koffka

An introduction to experimental psychology in which the psychologist's conclusions are shown to be the result of scientific observation, not the fruit of wild speculation. Invaluable to the layman, the welfare worker and the first year student.

5s. net

CHINESE FAIRY TALES

Collected and Edited by

Wolfram Eberhard

A unique literature of living legend and the most important collection of Chinese fairy tales in any European language. Here is a chance to know a people who still move in a world of fantasy. Not suitable for children.

10s. 6d. net

Cheap Editions of Important Books

SOVIET SCIENCE

J. G. Crowther

"A story of interest to the trained scientific worker and enjoyment to the general reader." —*Manchester Guardian.*

6s. net

THE MODERN ENGLISH PRISON

L. W. Fox

(Assistant Commissioner and Inspector of Prisons, Secretary of the Prison Commission)

"This admirable book—every page affords a fund of accurate information."—*The Times.*

5s. net

ROUTLEDGE ● KEGAN PAUL

century. In architecture a native school soon sprang up whose buildings, though rather simple and inclined to be dark, are, in their way, far more impressive than the imitations of French Gothic in other parts of Spain. Sculpture falls into line rather slowly, retaining some of the chubbiness and humour of the Romanesque. There is nearly always a humorous twist in Catalan art. It is in painting that the most striking developments take place in Gothic times; 120 of the 330 plates in this book are devoted to the Catalan primitives. The school starts from beginnings which are both crude and naive. A flirtation with Siennese influences (presumably brought nearer by the presence of Simone Martini at the papal court of Avignon) was not very successful. The suave and generalising Italian vein fitted badly with the workaday Catalan spirit. In the fifteenth century Flemish influences appear, and after this the Catalan artists were able to exploit their talent for downright homely particularisation. An enthusiasm for detail relates them to the Cologne School; but, in their searching observation of it these artists at least—Jaimè Huguet, the Master of St. George and Bartolomeo Bermejeu—are comparable with Breughel and Bosch.

The illustrations to this book are individually superb. It is perhaps a pity that there should be as many as three photographs of the same fragment of fresco where there are no specimens of illumination and too few general views. Jaimè Fabre's cathedral at Palma is omitted entirely and no mention is made of the retable of St. George in the museum there. The introductory essays on Catalan art are scholarly but a little ponderous in style, and they seem to have been prepared with no relation to the illustrations. There is no index and the account by M. Christian Zervos and Mr. Roland Penrose of the condition in which they found the monuments is necessarily rather incomplete. M. Zervos's skill in choosing and cutting photographs is extraordinary, but it has its drawbacks. For though this book is full of Catalan art it is all seen through M. Zervos's eyes. Like his *L'Art en Grece*, *Catalan Art* is an appreciation rather than a record. Picasso has written on the dust jacket that he has been influenced by Catalan art. M. Zervos has tried to show us how.

GRAHAM BELL

The London Muddle

Town and Country Planning, a quarterly review, not only focuses attention on the spoliation of the countryside by the overgrowth of large cities—typified by the London muddle—but advocates positive planning as the remedy. Established over twenty years ago, it has influenced town planning not only in this country but in many European countries, in Russia, in Australia and the United States of America. Recently reconstructed, it is now the focal point of a campaign for national and regional planning, the guidance of the location of industry, the decentralization of large cities and the erection of new towns.

Contributors

F. J. Osborn
Arthur Wragg
Dr. L. Dudley Stamp
Fitzwater Wray
Cicely Hamilton
Donald C. L. Murray
Dr. Elizabeth Sloan Chesser
Sybil Thorndike
Naomi Mitchison
Margaret I. Cole
Katharine Bruce Glasier
Ellen Wilkinson, M.P.
Mrs. Cecil Chesterton
Dame Elizabeth Cadbury
and others.

Opinions

"excellent . . . should be taken in all libraries." *The Library Review.* "a well-written periodical devoted to a good cause . ." *Aldous Huxley.* "studied with great interest . . ." *Lloyd George.* "a revelation . . . most admirable . . ." *Lady Rhondda.*

TOWN & COUNTRY PLANNING

Quarterly Review. Edited by Gilbert McAllister

Published under the auspices of the Garden Cities and Town Planning Association.

PRICE ONE SHILLING. NOW ON SALE

Send 3d. in stamps for specimen copy to Book Department, G.C. & T.P.A., 13 Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, S.W.1. From W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd., and all booksellers.

WRITING FOR PROLETARIANS

The Changing Scene. By ARTHUR CALDER MARSHALL. *Chapman and Hall.* 10s. 6d.

For Arthur Calder Marshall the novelist I have a considerable admiration. *Pie in the Sky* is first-rate satire, and *Dead Centre* the best picture of public school life known to me. Among this author's virtues are a capacity for fresh and vivid writing, the art of making his characters live and his readers interested in his characters, and a gift of penetrating social analysis. Recently, however, Mr. Marshall, to quote from his account of himself in the present book, abandoned self-expression for propaganda: "Formerly I, and, I think, many others, honestly believed in 'self-expression.' We believed that the integrity of the artist consisted in saying what he wanted to say, and damning the eyes of the world. There was a certain virtue in being obscure. It showed that you weren't pandering to the public. But now we have changed. . . . We no longer want 'to express ourselves.' We want to warn. We want to advise. What we have to say is urgent," and took to writing literature for proletarian readers instead of for readers *tout court*. His short story for proletarians in a recent number of *Fact* was admirable of its kind, although I found his account of the aims and principles of proletarian literature which it was intended to exemplify, re-stated in the present book as the representation not of the individual but of the "stream or mass . . . from which mass now one person, now another, is picked out, not in contradistinction from the others but as their examples," muddled and pretentious.

The intention of Mr. Marshall's new book is to be a "survey of the social landscape of to-day as compared with that of a quarter of a century ago." The pace of change has, it is obvious, been greater in the last twenty-five years than ever before. Mr. Marshall's purpose is to show the effects of change by contrasting the contemporary scene with that of the pre-war world. The result is interesting but disappointing: interesting, because you can read the book from cover to cover easily and pleasantly without a trace of boredom, your attention always adequately engaged; disappointing, because you are never really told anything that you did not know. Upon a frame of pretentious social analysis Mr. Marshall weaves a web of platitudes. What in effect does he tell us?

That the contradictions within capitalism are making for war; that while the war of 1914 was between nations, that which now awaits us will be an international war between classes; that the pre-war world was a world of security and calm, the post-war world one of uncertainty and fear—I will let Mr. Marshall say this for himself: "Before the War the majority of stimuli were reassuring and the prevalent mood one of security. But to-day the majority of stimuli are disturbing and the prevalent mood is of uncertainty"—that the B.B.C. is a sedative and not a stimulus; that the purpose of newspapers is to obtain circulations that they may attract advertisements and not primarily to give news or even to create opinions; that the pre-war and immediately post-war novelist analysed individuals, but the contemporary novelist presents types in order to illustrate movements; that the new housing estates are better than the Victorian slums, but that they are too dear and lack privacy; that the Simpson scandal was released because the late King had promised "to do something about the distressed areas"—all this and much more than this is familiar enough to the educated reader. It is familiar when it is true, and it is no less familiar when, as in the case of the last assertion, it is highly controversial. Why then, it may be asked, has Mr. Marshall been at pains to tell his readers what most of them already know?

The answer is, in order that he may propound a thesis, namely, that Capitalism will not survive and that it ought not to survive. In building up this thesis he enumerates the counts of what is in sum a formidable indictment. Some of these counts are telling enough: for example, that under modern Capitalism the good of the individual is scarcely ever identical with the good of society; that it is impossible for the citizen under Capitalism to live "a full and responsible life as individual and citizen"; that the man who wants to make money by writing will try to say as little as possible in the greatest number of words, whereas, if he wants to say what he really thinks, he must write for little for literary and highbrow weeklies, or for nothing for *The Daily Worker*; that the main purpose of education is to train a subservient class, proper geese for whatever propaganda those who control the avenues of publicity wish to pump into them.

Blowout for Goss!

You know those enlightening little drawings about soaps, foods, cosmetics and what not, in which imaginary conversations of two people are illustrated? Technically, we are told, they are called "blow-outs." Whether this is in contra-distinction to the editorial "puff" we don't know, nor does it matter at the moment.

The brothers Goss, in feeble imitation, here present their idea of a "blow-out" for tailoring. They regret that their entire art staff is on holiday.

Scene—Goss's modest first-floor premises.
Enter—A new customer.

New Customer: Am I speaking to Mr. Goss?

Goss: You are, sir, what can I do for you?

N.C.: I want some clothes, but before we go any further I will make a complaint.

G. (with a smile): We always prefer complaints *before* making the clothes, sir!

N.C.: My complaint has nothing to do with your tailoring, Mr. Goss. It is about your advertisements.

G.: I hope they haven't offended you, Mr. N.C.

N.C.: I am also an advertiser in "The N.S." and your advertisement in this week's issue happened to be alongside one of mine. I took up the paper to look at my advertisement, caught sight of yours, read it and decided that as I needed clothes badly and was off for a holiday in a week's time, I'd jump in a taxi and come straight along to see you.

G.: Well, I'm very glad you've come, Mr. N.C.

N.C.: Very glad! Of course you are, but am I glad to think of other people doing what I've just done? Don't you see, I haven't even read my own advertisement although I took up the paper especially to look at it!

G.: But Mr. N.C., don't you think that the whole paper is carefully read?

N.C.: Yes, I do, most deliberately read!

(We were still wondering exactly what Mr. N.C. meant by this remark, when he turned to look at some patterns.)

A Goss lounge suit of the highest grade materials costs from Eight to Ten Guineas, whilst there is a good selection of thoroughly dependable materials costing from Six to Eight Guineas for a suit. Dress suits from Nine Guineas. Overcoats from Six Guineas.

★

T. GOSS & COMPANY

GOSS
Tailoring

15 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1

'Phone: City 7159

Watts' Books

How to Psycho-Analyse Yourself

by JOSEPH RALPH

With Foreword by CHARLES M. BEADNELL, C.B., K.H.P., late Neurologist to and Principal Medical Officer in charge of the Royal Naval Hospital, Chatham.

Contents: How Thoughts are Made; Where Thoughts Come From; Mental Exploration; Taking a Mental Sounding; A Mental Experiment; Digging Up Thought Roots; Killing the Roots of a Habit; False Troubles; Know Thyself; Will Power While You Wait; Mental Concentration Made Easy; etc.

Cloth, 7s. 6d. net

What is Eugenics?

by Major LEONARD DARWIN

A vital question for the present generation. Among some of the subjects treated are Hereditary Qualities, Birth Control, Sterilization, Eugenics in the Future, Selection in Marriage, etc.

Clothette, 1s. net; paper cover, 7d. net

Science and Reality

by J. M. LOWSON, M.A., B.Sc.

A New Interpretation of the Universe and Its Evolution.

"Throughout his argument he reveals an active mind, fertile in hypotheses, and well equipped whether for defence or attack." *Northern Chronicle.*

Cloth, 5s. net

The Christian Tradition

by L. GORDON RYLANDS, B.A., B.Sc.

An examination of objections to the opinion that Jesus was not an historical person.

Paper cover, 1s. net

Two new additions to the THINKER'S LIBRARY

Clothette, 1s. net each

Rights of Man No. 63
by THOMAS PAINE, with an Introduction by G. D. H. Cole.

This Human Nature No. 64
by CHARLES DUFF

Extracts from reviews of the original edition:
"Brilliant . . . stimulating . . . chastening." *The Observer.*

"There is nothing in romantic fiction more romantic than this wise, witty, and ironic compilation." *Manchester Evening News.*

Send for complete Catalogue and gratis copy of THE LITERARY GUIDE (monthly, 3d.)

WATTS & CO.
Johnson's Court, Fleet St., London, E.C.4

Others of Mr. Marshall's assertions are more debatable. There is, for example, a division of leading English writers of fiction during the last ten years into three groups: the advocates of Fascism, the believers in the possibility of preserving Capitalism without Fascism, and those who consciously identify themselves with the working-class movement. Literary marks are then given to members of the third class. This is to ride a theory to death. To writers like Virginia Woolf, E. M. Forster and James Joyce the classification is wholly irrelevant. They would be equally surprised to be told that they write to advocate Fascism, to preserve Capitalism without Fascism, or to identify themselves with the working-class movement. Mr. Marshall tells us that the people get the government they deserve, and then proceeds to point out that democracy does not give the people the government it wants or needs. Not perhaps the government that it needs, but surely the government that it wants; for, if the people does not get the government that it wants, in what sense can it be said to live under a democracy, and in what sense also does it get the government it deserves? Or does Mr. Marshall wish to suggest that the people as a whole does not want the National Government, or, alternatively, that it wants it, but does not deserve it? I think I know well enough what Mr. Marshall does mean, but he has not succeeded in saying what he means any better than he succeeds when in consecutive sentences he accuses Wells of a neat orderliness which falsifies the facts and a woolly vagueness which conceals them.

In effect, I am charging Mr. Marshall with hasty and slipshod writing, a charge which I reinforce by drawing attention to "there was" for "there were" in the middle of p. 123; "it" for "they" in the middle of p. 206, and "post-war" for "pre-war" in the footnote to p. 113. And why does he say that the writers of whom he approves are "going some place" when what he means is that they exemplify a definite tendency, and that he approves of the tendency? These vulgarities and mistakes would not be worth while pointing out except in the case of one who had attained Mr. Marshall's previous distinction as a writer. Or is it the case that, now that he has decided to write for proletarians, he no longer thinks that they matter? C. E. M. JOAD

Comfortable

The active touch-your-toes brigade will accept Braemar underwear as correct undress. Slip-over vests and athletic trunk-drawers in open mesh knit with elastic-finish waistbands give ample freedom and comfort. 'Wool for health' say the doctors, and Braemar makes it easy to follow in both letter and spirit.

Very Comfortable

Men who have reached the years of discretion (or even before or after that) want comfort and more comfort in underwear. Braemar vests and pants with long or short sleeves and long or short legs will be chosen according to temperature and temperament. These garments are fully fashioned and that means 'fit like a glove.'

Most Comfortable

Men whose long-lost faith in English summers makes them dread the winter will find warmth and ease and extra comfort in Braemar combinations. Ask to see Braemar 'Optimus'. This range comes in finest wool or silk and wool and the 'Optimus' describes a quality that lives up to its name.

BRAEMAR

UNDERWEAR FOR MEN

Braemar Underwear for men can be bought at most good shops and stores. Write for interesting booklet to Messrs. Innes, Henderson & Co. Ltd., Hawick, Scotland; or to Axtell House, Warwick Street, London, W.1. Also Makers of Braemar Sportswear.

MR. CLYNES REMEMBERS—AND FORGETS

Memoirs, Vol. 1, 1869–1924. By the RT. HON. J. R. CLYNES. *Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.*

It is characteristic of Mr. Clynes that there is very little indeed about himself in this first volume of his memoirs. We are given, indeed, a glimpse of him as a small boy at Oldham, where his father, an immigrant from Ireland, was a corporation labourer, earning a pound a week. We are told how the young Clynes became a piecer in the cotton-mills, learned politics by reading aloud from the newspapers to three old blind men, and taught himself to speak in a series of debates with a fellow-Irishman in the privacy of a disused stone-quarry. But no sooner has he become a Trade Union organiser and abandoned the mill than he seems to forget about his own experiences, and to become more intent on relating the general story of the Labour movement than on giving an account of his own share in it. There is, indeed, singularly little in the book about the Trade Union work on which Mr. Clynes has spent so large a part of his life. He jumps rapidly to his entry into Parliament in 1906, to the position of the new Labour Party under the successive Liberal Governments before the war, and to the war period, to which he devotes almost half the book.

Unfortunately, Mr. Clynes' account of the war years is for the most part neither vivid nor novel, even when he is describing his own experiences as Food Controller; and both here and in other parts of his book his memory plays him the most extraordinary tricks. The following are only a few of his more startling inaccuracies: he says that in 1906 over one-third of the country's voters supported the Labour Party, that the miners' strike of 1910 (not that of 1912) involved over a million miners and a cessation of all coal production, that all males from 18 to 51 are still liable to compulsory military service, that when Arthur Henderson went to Russia in May, 1917, the Communist Party was in supreme power, that rates of wages were falling in 1919, and that in February, 1920, nearly every coal-mine in Great Britain was selling its products at a loss. He puts the whole episode of "Black Friday" and the national miners' strike after the decontrol of the coal-mines in 1920 instead of 1921; and this is not a mere slip of the pen, because it is firmly fitted into his narrative as having occurred in that year.

There is always something rather disarming about Mr. Clynes' modesty, and this essential quality of his comes out in his memoirs. It is, however, to be hoped that before he publishes a second volume he will allow someone with a more trustworthy memory than his own to read his proofs, and will also exercise some censorship over what his publishers say about him on the jacket.

G. D. H. COLE

STYLISH ANTS

Man and the Termite. By HERBERT NOYES. *Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.*

The white ant, with its terrifying genius for building authoritarian states and the unsolved problem of who commands their perfectly ordered activities, usually proves of absorbing interest even to those not faced with its depredations or inspired by a love of natural history. But Mr. Noyes is one who has seen them close at hand for many years and has so suffered from them—his house has been eaten away over his head—that drink or a fervent interest in termites were, one imagines, the only alternatives. Mr. Noyes' assistants, who are compared most unfavourably in intelligence with the insects, died long ago of drink; but he himself describes the marvels of a termite city with a fervency which, if it adds no new knowledge to the subject, is itself entrancing. Sometimes his knowledge is conveyed briefly and vividly in direct narrative, sometimes by conversation between Nympha, Cilla, and Imagon (white ants). This makes a very pleasant change, for Mr. Noyes can wrap up a pellet of information in a delectable coating of style. "This is all extremely interesting," says Nympha, "and I could go on listening for hours. If I remember all you have told me I shall be better able to appreciate the knowledge which will presently be my portion. At the moment, however, I feel another moult impending. With your permission I will retire and suffer in silence." The termite characters, indeed, rarely fall below that standard of delicacy of diction which Mr. Belloc set for *Belinda*. It may be that modern man's failure to maintain this standard is at the bottom of Mr.

From the Burma-Chinese Frontier

"It has pleased me to observe how the use of Barneys Punchbowle is spreading in this Province, some smokers having turned over after years of search."

"By the way, in this small station near the Frontier there are five pipe-smokers—three smoke Punchbowle, the other two are pig-headed and 'I pities them.'"

This amusing, and significant, comment comes from a Barneys smoker stationed on the Chinese frontier, some 700 miles or so up in Burma. No wonder Barneys has the biggest sale in the World, in its class, when *three out of five* on one station smoke Barneys.

Quite unknown to this smoker, a Government Official, also a Barneys smoker and an old and esteemed customer of ours, wrote telling us how he had passed through that same remote station. When *he* arrived there only *one* man was not smoking Barneys . . . and, he writes, "I think we converted *him* ! "

There is something about Barneys which makes the Barneys smoker an enthusiastic Barneys salesman . . . and that something is *goodness* . . . Try Barneys next time ; it may bring a deeper realisation of pipe-joy to *you.*

Barneys (*medium*), Parsons Pleasure (*mild*), Punchbowle (*full*), *in 'EverFresh' Tins,* 1/2d. oz.

Barneys

FOR QUICK, EASY PIPE-FILLING, TRY JOHN SINCLAIR'S "READY-FILLS"—(*in handy Cases of 12*)

BARNEYS IDEAL (3 strengths)	1/2	*OLD CASTLE NAVY CUT*	1/-
CUT GOLDEN BAR - -	1/-	*BARNEYS Empire* - -	10½d.
JOLLY BOAT NAVY CUT	1/-	*also RUBICON MIXTURE* in cases of 8 for 6d.	

(235) Made by John Sinclair Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

POSTAL TUITION
for the London University

B.Sc. Econ.

THE possession of a Degree in Economics opens the door to well-paid teaching and administrative posts under Education authorities and other public bodies ; also to statistical, research, and welfare work in Commerce and Industry. Moreover, the preparatory reading is extremely interesting, and enables one to bring to bear a critical intelligence upon modern economic problems.

Now that the shorter Special Entrance Exam. may be taken instead of Matriculation by all Degree candidates of 23 and over, the way to the B.Sc. Econ. Degree is easier. No university residence is necessary. Candidates may prepare at home under the experienced guidance of Wolsey Hall, and tuition fees may be spread over the period of the course. A guarantee is given that, in the event of failure, tuition will be continued **free.**

The record of Wolsey Hall successes at London B.Sc.Econ. exams. speaks for itself. Since 1925, 236 Wolsey Hall Students have passed. **At the 1935 exam. 2 of the 3 1st Class Honours men were Wolsey Hall Students, one of them gaining the GLADSTONE MEMORIAL PRIZE (for 1st Place) and the GERSTENBERG STUDENTSHIP.**

Prospectus

and Guide to the London University B.Sc. Econ. Degree may be obtained post free on request to the Director of Studies, Dept. VH17,

Wolsey Hall, Oxford

PROPRIETORS : DIPLOMA CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, LTD.

The tooth paste of the wise, used last thing at night, means clean refreshment in the morning. But a mouth thus cleansed and sweetened is only part of the good work.

Euthymol makes the teeth beautifully clean, and is perfectly free from injurious grittiness. It is beneficent to the enamel, and is recommended by doctors and dentists. Price 1s. 3d. per tube.

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

Send to Dept 82/83 Euthymol, 50, Beak Street, London, W.1, for a free 7-day trial sample and an interesting book on the care of the teeth, then buy a tube from your chemist, price 1/3.

Noyes' preference for the refined insect, for he does not spare us the heaping up of analogies in which we come off much the worse. "Imagine—shall we say?—some famous profiteer or equally renowned South African millionaire, all a-glitter with purchased honours, expecting and receiving the uncritical adulation of his fellows, being at the mercy of some obscure bug?" Termites, of course, do not harbour deleterious parasites. In fact, only in one instance does the author admit that higher termites may be almost as vulgar as humans, and that, we are glad to say, only in the flighting. "The females were easily distinguishable by their habit of carrying their rear elevation hoisted well above the normal; they looked like so many film stars entering a studio. The antics of the males following them heightened the human parallel. But the analogy failed in the fact that many of the ladies disdained the attractions of obviously eligible suitors." It is not surprising that Mr. Noyes should step into theology and tell those of us who "bearing in mind the savage, sadistic Deity of the Hebrews and the theological nightmares of the Christian Fathers, may question the reality of the God of the Termites," that we are wrong, and triumphantly announce that "when the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah has overtaken the Hub of the Universe, the Termite, unperturbed, will survive." Let us say, then, that this book treats a most interesting subject from a novel and individual standpoint. A. ROSS WILLIAMSON

SHORTER NOTICES

Common Sense and the Adolescent. By ETHEL MANNIN. *Jarrolds.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

This book is a queer medley of stimulating common sense, utter nonsense and Freudian jargon. It is nevertheless easy and not uninteresting to read, though irritatingly prolix. Having realised that the author is an almost fanatic disciple both of psycho-analysis and of what now passes by the name of Communism, one takes for granted the clichés of those schools encountered on nearly every page. The reader should not be put off by the boastful naughtiness of the extract from Mr. A. S. Neill's preface, which is reprinted on the front of the wrapper: "You can imagine what the bishops would say about your book and my preface, can't you?"; though, in fact, throughout the book, one cannot but be constantly aware of Miss Mannin's complacent conviction that she is giving her bourgeois readers the shock of their lives. No one to-day who is likely to read this work doubts the important part that the primal urge of sex plays in mental as well as in physical life. But, by this time, all except a few last-ditchers of the psychology of twenty years ago realise that man has other urges, equally fundamental and of at least equal propulsive force. Few children, even at the adolescent stage of their development, are half as obsessed by "sex" as are many of their educated seniors whose childhood lies twenty years behind. The old absurdities about the danger of preventing children from following what is assumed to be a natural and universal impulse to play with their excrement (unless, indeed, plasticine be quickly provided as a substitute), and a dozen similar products of the Freudian imagination, are duly trotted out. "Who knows how many sculptors are lost to the world by mothers repressing their children's infantile interest in their faeces?" Yet, so rapidly alternating are the sense and the nonsense in Miss Mannin's book, that the passage just quoted follows half a page of thoroughly sensible and helpful advice on the means to be adopted for the satisfaction and the development of the child's native creative impulses—by the diversion of its elemental and ill-formed instincts along lines likely to be in accord with social and therefore with individual well-being. It is very difficult for a bourgeois reader brought up by bourgeois parents in a bourgeois environment to believe that the strange parents, homes and children that the author would have us accept as typical outside Communist and Freudian circles, exist otherwise than as pathological, freak exceptions. In this country, in 1937, in how many homes is it constantly impressed upon young people that "everything associated with sex is shameful"? Yet all parents and all schoolmasters who will take the trouble to read Miss Mannin's chapters on the stultification of the child's creative instinct consequent on our social and our educational conventions, will find in those pages much food for useful reflection.

The Mountain Scene. By F. S. SMYTHE. *Black.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. F. S. Smythe's remarkable climbs have made him one of the outstanding mountaineers of our time. And in his writings he has consolidated the airy heights to which he has attained. The 78 photographs in this book show that with the pocket camera he is at least as mighty as with the typewriter. One day when Mr. Smythe was walking near Zermatt, he came upon "an old gentleman half buried in an enormous dark cloth," crouching behind a full plate camera. Mr. Smythe liked the view too and lost no time in snapping it. The old gentleman's head emerged from its tent, and with "withering contempt" he uttered one word "*Snapshotter.*" Though the word was possibly justified by Mr. Smythe's instantaneous and apparently unpremeditated photography, any implications it might have of casualness or amateurishness were not. Mr. Smythe is a serious and methodical snapper, and the results of experience and a lot of thought are evident in everything he has reproduced here. Indeed, if there is a criticism of his photography, it is that he is too thoughtful. One misses the accidental or spontaneous effect. But it is a tribute both to Mr. Smythe and to his materials that his collected views, without any retouching, have all the velvety richness of a luxury brochure. Mr. Smythe's notes in the photographs describe the circumstances and technique of each shot, and occupy about the same space as the illustrations.

THE £ s d OF THE LAWN ROAD FLATS

A few original leases will soon be falling in and these flats overlook grassy banks and green trees • Unfurnished in the usual sense, but equipped with a very comfortable bed, a table, cupboards, floor-covering, Electrolux refrigerator, electric cooker, etc.

Rent £104 to £200 a year, including cleaning, bed-making, shoe-cleaning, window-cleaning, and services of housekeeper, maids, and porters, constant hot water, central heating and rates. • Meals from the central kitchen at moderate prices. Early application is advised.

• *Send for full particulars to Isokon (Lawn Road) Ltd., Lawn Road Flats, N.W. 3. (3 minutes from Belsize Park Station—turn left, left and left again.)*

Week-end Competitions

No. 392

Set by L. F. Goldsmid

We are said to have lost the myth-making faculty possessed by the Ancient Greeks and others, as shown in the stories of Persephone and the Man in the Moon. The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) are offered for the invention of a myth regarding the Aurora Borealis which disproves this assertion. Entries should not exceed 300 words.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, September 24th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of the last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 390

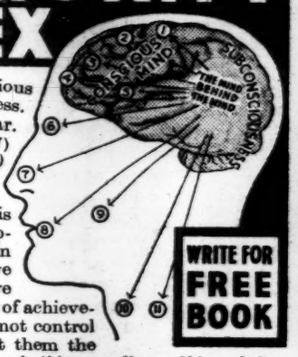
Set by Frederick Laws

A first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea are offered for the best letters of application for the post of English master in a small public school, of companion to an old lady, or of reviewer on the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. Entries not to exceed 300 words.

Report by Frederick Laws

This gruesome competition produced over seventy entries—many of them double or treble—and most competitors seemed to find it easy. The companions were the most numerous, and the weakest; at least a dozen of them produced almost identical letters. There must be a "Punch" convention or something. Four wanted to be gigolos, but E. W. Edmonds, Basil Schon, and Terence Dennis were much better companions. The reviewers either made jokes about being Left, or sent in "genuine" applications (write to the Editor, boys). Richard Pomfret produced "I am an adept at the cackle in print; I say no prayers; I am the Man With The Twisted Lip." Pibwob offered to provide New Blood and has "a sense of humour which is sadly lacking in the reviewing fraternity, having often been called the Life and Sole of the Party." David Freeman's entry was the only one which would interest a literary editor. He claimed specialist knowledge. John Osborne ended with the words "I could replace Garnett." E. W. Edmonds was excellent. The schoolmasters mostly counted too much

INFERIORITY COMPLEX



is a disturbance in the Subconscious Mind causing: (1) Self consciousness. (2) Shyness. (3) Depression. (4) Fear. (5) Weak will. (6) Unsteady gaze. (7) Nervous catarrh. (8) Stuttering. (9) Blushing. (10) Trembling. (11) Nerves —and other personality weaknesses or physical ailments for which there is apparently no cause. These are symptoms of "something wrong" within you—sending out powerful negative impulses, overcoming your positive impulses, robbing you of the pleasures of achievement and the joy of living. You cannot control these impulses—the harder you fight them the stronger they get — but you can, through this revealing self-knowledge, remove them altogether, building up powerful positive forces to carry you forward to a happier, more successful life. This is the realisation that will come to you within the next few days through the remarkable book, which is here offered to you free.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOK

AMAZING RECORD This book, of which the 7th edition and 350,000th copy has just been issued (an amazing record within less than 3 years of publication) will open your eyes to the truth regarding your conditions, accomplishments, and handicaps—revealing clearly the amazing new psychological discoveries which, presented in this book as the latest science of successful living, has changed the lives of thousands.

It reveals to you a vital living science which touches into activity all the rich possibilities you have within you. You begin to feel the new self, confident, self controlled, full of life, arising within you during the first few weeks. Yet this wonderful development demands no wearisome book-study, no tiresome application, no morbid introspection, no physical exercises, no dieting, no strict regimen—it is a system of right thinking and right living which you absorb quietly, quickly and easily into your very being, the most restful, recuperative, inspiring thing that has ever come into your life. Thousands of grateful letters can be seen at Institute.

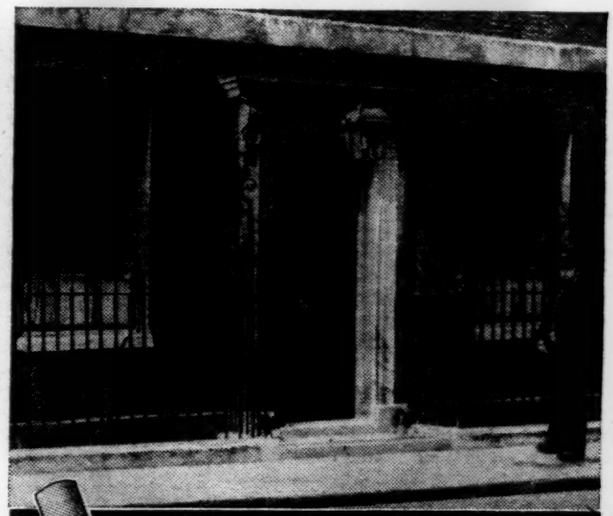
IN YOUR OWN HOME IN YOUR OWN TIME

WRITE FOR YOUR FREE COPY TO-DAY

To The Principal, **BRITISH INSTITUTE OF PRACTICAL**

PSYCHOLOGY

ONE (H.X.8), LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.4.



NOTABLE NUMBERS

10 DOWNING STREET — for many years the official residence of the Prime Ministers of England. Here, just off Whitehall, lived Pitt, Lord Grey, Lord Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel and others.

Note also, in this connection, another famous number—Player's No. 3. Mellowness, distinction of flavour and aroma have long been the characteristics of this finer quality cigarette.

PLAIN OR CORK TIPS Special Moisture-proof wrapping ensures Player's No. 3 being always in good condition.

PLAYER'S NUMBER 3 EXTRA QUALITY VIRGINIA

20 FOR 1/4 50 FOR 3/3 50 TINS (plain only) 3/4

J.P.41.4

JOIN THIS fellowship of the sea

There is a fellowship in the calling of our Lifeboatmen that compels whole-hearted admiration. It is a fellowship of self sacrifice which it is one's instinct to support. It costs £250,000 each year to maintain these brave men at their work. Every penny helps. Send whatever you can to

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION

LIFE-BOAT HOUSE, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1

The EARL OF HARROWBY, Hon. Treasurer.
Lt.-Col. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E., Secretary.

"No cold for 4 years"

"I used to suffer dreadfully from colds, but have not had one for four years, entirely due to using Vapex. I advise all my patients and friends to use it."
B.S., Burnham-on-Sea.

Follow this good example and keep free from colds summer and winter. Keep Vapex handy — ready for use immediately you feel a cold developing. Breathe the vapour. Vapex destroys the germs in nose and throat, and soon the incipient cold is gone.

VAPEX

V 147 *Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-* THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

LATE HOLIDAYS in MOSCOW LENINGRAD, etc.

Sailings from London to Leningrad on Wednesdays and Saturdays until the end of November.

Cruise-tours : 2 weeks from £16
3 „ „ £23

By sailings from October 13th further reduction in prices.

2 weeks - £15 3 weeks - £21

For full details, apply to :

Any Leading Travel Agency, or Intourist Ltd., Bush House, London, W.C.2.

JUDAISM AND CHRISTIANITY

VOL. I.
The Age of Transition.
10s. 6d.

VOL. II.
The Contact of Pharisaism with Other Cultures.
12s. 6d.

Essays by:

W. O. E. OESTERLEY, D.D.
E. O. JAMES, D.Litt.
THE REV. CANON W. L. KNOX
DR. E. ROSENTHAL
G. G. COULTON, Litt.D.
HERBERT LOEWE, M.A.
S. H. HOOKE, B.D.
THE REV. DR. JAMES PARKES
A. C. ADCOCK
RABBI L. RABINOWITZ
THE REV. DR. H. F. STEWART

THE SHELDON PRESS
NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

on their family trees and claimed too few irrelevant accomplishments. But Basil Schon, E. W. Edmonds, B. Brett, K. T. Stephenson, Tom Clerk, Redling, and G. L. Keppard wrote in the finest "promptly yet carefully" tradition. How did "Hopkins" know that I was once sacked for unwillingness to learn to play the oboe? I suggest that the prizes be divided between E. W. Edmonds and Harriet Hopkins.

FIRST PRIZE

DEAR SIR,—I would like to be considered for the post of Reviewer in your journal. I realise that a majority of people read reviews because they have no time for the books themselves and also that a majority of books are not worth reading in any case. I would therefore follow your general policy of giving a bright money's worth and extracting little bits of derived good from a great mass of original evil. I will grind no obvious axe. I will not irrevocably give myself away as leftist nor needless to say as escapist. I shall make my own opinions appear in the light of a rather mysterious but distinctly glorious isolation.

I feel that my previous experience should help me. For some years I was a master at Eton and also held a commission in the Territorials. All this, however much a striving after wind, will make a useful background for discussing educational and military problems. My father was a bishop, which enables me when necessary to write with the "I know my Church" air of Mr. Raymond Mortimer. I took a history degree at Oxford and would therefore be able to start off on a political book with an amiably academic preamble—"Every student of the subject will be grateful for the scholarly labour of—"; like Professor Laski before he starts going "Left Book Club." I hope you will not think that I am being too cynical; we all have to study the market as well as ultimate values. I am confident that you do the latter and I am, so to speak, just passing a friendly time of day with the mammon of unrighteousness before, as I hope, joining you in the pursuit of higher things.—Yours truly,

E. W. EDMONDS

SECOND PRIZE

DEAR MADAM,—Mrs. Spike of the Agency tells me you are wanting a companion. I think I would be just the one for you.

I have been a companion now for 25 years, this being my Jubilee year, and never yet dismissed a post! I lost all my previous ladies by death, so I am free to take you on.

One thing first I must ask you before we come to terms. Are you blind, feeble, crippled or lame, paralysed or otherwise helpless? Two of my ladies were likewise ailing, one blind, one paralysed in the legs: I did for them in every way.

They say I am the soul of cheer, always a merry story to pass away the hours. Well, laughing never hurt anyone, that I must say.

I would refer you to my ladies, but they have passed away, as mentioned above. Well, God's will be done, so they say. Mrs. Spike will speak for me.

I shall drop in upon you one day this week, between four and five, and we shall talk things over. We shall soon know how the land lies.

Wishing you the best of health until I see you.—Yours sincerely,

HARRIET HOPKINS

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 246.—THE DEEPWATER GIRLS AGAIN

On August 28th I set the following problem:

"Letter from Professor Goodman to Mrs. Deepwater:

'I have, as requested, made some sort of test of your daughters' literary capacities. To this end, I asked them each to name the authors of the following seven works:

(1) *The Second Meridian.*
(2) *The Life and Death of Hepzibah Creel.*
(3) *Prawns for the Proconsul.*
(4) *Flatfoot; an Anthology.*
(5) *Quousque Tandem: a Bicyclist's Compendium.*
(6) *A Pamphleteer at Bay.*
(7) *Diamonds are Trumps.*

'This request produced the following selection of answers:

(1) *The Second Meridian* was attributed to Carados by Doris and Deborah; to Traddles by Dora; to Endways by Dorothy and Diana; and to Bottledale by Daphne and Dorcas.

(2) *Hepzibah Creel*—to Bottledale, by Doris; to Knotmutch, by Diana and Dora; to Palter, by Dorothy; to Carados, by Dorcas; to Stuffisch, by Deborah; and to Endways, by Daphne.

(3) *Prawns, Etc.*—to Palter, by Deborah and Doris; to Carados, by Diana and Dora; to Knotmutch, by Daphne and Dorothy; to Endways, by Dorcas.

(4) *Flatfoot*—to Palter, by Dora, Dorcas and Diana; to Stuffisch, by Doris and Dorothy; to Traddles, by Daphne and Deborah.

(5) *Quousque Tandem*—to Bottledale, by Diana, Dora and Deborah; to Traddles, by Doris; to Carados, by Daphne and Dorothy; to Knotmutch, by Dorcas.

(6) *A Pamphleteer at Bay*—to Endways, by Doris; to Stuffisch, by Daphne and Dora; to Bottledale, by Dorothy; to Traddles, by Diana and Dorcas; to Knotmutch, by Deborah.

(7) *Diamonds are Trumps*—to Knotmutch, by Doris; to Endways, by Dora and Deborah; to Traddles, by Dorothy; to Stuffisch, by Dorcas and Diana; and to Palter, by Daphne.

'As a glance at these lists will show you, the young ladies, to a large extent, had recourse to guess-work. Each correctly named the authors of two, and only two, books.'

Assign each work to its author."

A number of competitors solved this correctly [see below]. All of them assumed—as I had myself assumed, in setting it—that each of the seven authors mentioned was responsible for one of the seven named works; and this, in the absence of an explicit statement, is a reasonable assumption. But suppose this is not the case; the problem then becomes quite a different one.

Here, then, is an interesting variant:

Given that the facts are as stated by Professor Goodman, and also that the number of named authors represented in the list of works is known to be either four or five, of which of them can the authorship be determined?

PROBLEM 243.—LITERARY.

Most competitors made *Flatfoot* their starting-point, as for this work there are only three possible authors—assuming, that is, that each book has been correctly identified by someone. Others began, more logically, with an analysis of the possible distributions of fourteen guesses.

One competitor solved the problem in five minutes. It took me a couple of hours to construct it.

There are no incorrect solutions—obviously. The list of books and authors is:

(1) *The Second Meridian*—Bottledale.
(2) *The Life and Death of Hepzibah Creel*—Knotmutch.
(3) *Prawns for the Proconsul*—Palter.
(4) *Flatfoot; an Anthology*—Stuffisch.
(5) *Quousque Tandem: a Bicyclist's Compendium*—Carados.
(6) *A Pamphleteer at Bay*—Traddles.
(7) *Diamonds are Trumps*—Endways.

PROBLEM 242.—THE INTER-HOUSE CUP

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: K. B. Pearce, 16 Castellain Mansions, W.9.

Eight points are awarded.

PROBLEM 241.—RED, WHITE AND BLUE

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: The Rev. J. K. Young, 95 Scarborough Street, West Hartlepool.

Ten points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

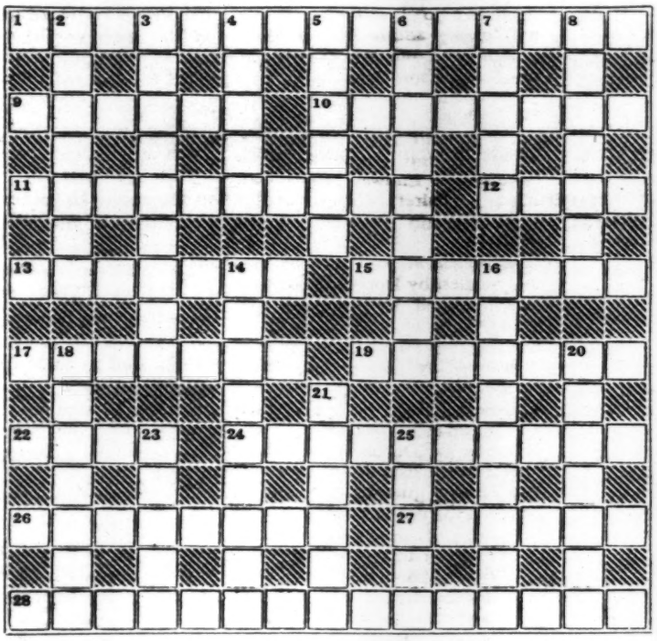
CALIBAN

THE STORRAN GALLERY is moving to new premises at 5, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, W.1, and will re-open there early in October

THE STORRAN GALLERY,
5, ALBANY COURT YARD,
PICCADILLY, W.1.

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 393

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
F. C. Geary, Corpus Christi College, Oxford

ACROSS

1. 1/8th of a glass? (15)
9. You must have a bit of a rest at Edenbridge. (6)
10. The reverse of light footed. (8)
11. 1,800 second intervals. (10)
12. A breathing space. (4)
13. Handy deception as a rule. (7)
15. In them writers find material for their pens. (7)
17. You would expect these spinners to be web-footed. (7)
19. Proper way to put things right. (7)
22. Musical atmosphere as it were. (4)
24. Describes the outlook. (10)
26. Where those that do the spade work rest at night. (8)
27. Sent by armoured post? (6)
28. The largest stringed instrument. (15)

DOWN

2. Object of the soccer forwards. (7)
3. Madness caused by absence? (9)
4. The converse of finish off. (5)
5. Puncture marks entertainly made by the soldiery. (6)
6. Artificial talk of neat ropes. (9)
7. Perfect hands I hand out. (5)
8. Not at all a possessive person. (7)
14. Accelerator of pre-motoring days. (9)
16. This island is not on the windward side of the Leeward Islands. (9)
18. 17's fly trap. (7)
20. Gather together prayerfully. (7)
21. It's Ada in disguise. (6)
23. He ought to be able to learn easily. (5)
25. He came of a feud-al family in Verona. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

■	P	A	T	E	R	F	A	M	I	L	I	A	S	■
■	■	N	■	A	■	O	■	A	■	E	■	I	■	■
A	F	T	E	R	N	O	O	N	C	A	L	L	S	■
P	■	H	■	L	■	L	■	E	■	S	■	M	■	S
P	A	I	L	S	■	E	R	A	■	T	R	E	N	T
L	■	L	■	■	D	■	T	■	S	■	N	■	O	■
E	N	L	A	C	E	■	■	E	L	A	S	T	I	C
C	■	■	■	A	■	E	■	R	■	I	■	■	K	■
O	V	E	R	P	A	Y	■	■	A	D	M	I	T	S
R	■	M	■	A	■	E	■	A	■	■	M	■	T	■
E	M	B	E	R	■	S	O	N	■	C	A	P	R	I
R	■	A	■	I	■	O	■	T	■	H	■	A	■	L
■	D	R	E	S	S	R	E	H	E	A	R	S	A	L
■	■	G	■	O	■	E	■	E	■	I	■	S	■	■
■	S	O	O	N	E	S	T	M	E	N	D	E	D	■

The demand for CAPSTAN
increases daily — say W. D. & H. O. WILLS

"Indubitably,
Muntgumery, it DO!"

WILLS'S CAPSTAN CIGARETTES.
10 FOR 6d. 20 FOR 11½d.

W. D. & H. O. Wills Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. C.C. 592 H

on their family trees and claimed too few irrelevant accomplishments. But Basil Schon, E. W. Edmonds, B. Brett, K. T. Stephenson, Tom Clerk, Redling, and G. L. Keppard wrote in the finest "promptly yet carefully" tradition. How did "Hopkins" know that I was once sacked for unwillingness to learn to play the oboe? I suggest that the prizes be divided between E. W. Edmonds and Harriet Hopkins.

FIRST PRIZE

DEAR SIR,—I would like to be considered for the post of Reviewer in your journal. I realise that a majority of people read reviews because they have no time for the books themselves and also that a majority of books are not worth reading in any case. I would therefore follow your general policy of giving a bright money's worth and extracting little bits of derived good from a great mass of original evil. I will grind no obvious axe. I will not irrevocably give myself away as leftist nor needless to say as escapist. I shall make my own opinions appear in the light of a rather mysterious but distinctly glorious isolation.

I feel that my previous experience should help me. For some years I was a master at Eton and also held a commission in the Territorials. All this, however much a striving after wind, will make a useful background for discussing educational and military problems. My father was a bishop, which enables me when necessary to write with the "I know my Church" air of Mr. Raymond Mortimer. I took a history degree at Oxford and would therefore be able to start off on a political book with an amiably academic preamble—"Every student of the subject will be grateful for the scholarly labour of—"; like Professor Laski before he starts going "Left Book Club." I hope you will not think that I am being too cynical; we all have to study the market as well as ultimate values. I am confident that you do the latter and I am, so to speak, just passing a friendly time of day with the mammon of unrighteousness before, as I hope, joining you in the pursuit of higher things.—Yours truly,

E. W. EDMONDS

SECOND PRIZE

DEAR MADAM,—Mrs. Spike of the Agency tells me you are wanting a companion. I think I would be just the one for you.

I have been a companion now for 25 years, this being my Jubilee year, and never yet dismissed a post! I lost all my previous ladies by death, so I am free to take you on.

One thing first I must ask you before we come to terms. Are you blind, feeble, crippled or lame, paralysed or otherwise helpless? Two of my ladies were likewise ailing, one blind, one paralysed in the legs: I did for them in every way.

They say I am the soul of cheer, always a merry story to pass away the hours. Well, laughing never hurt anyone, that I must say.

I would refer you to my ladies, but they have passed away, as mentioned above. Well, God's will be done, so they say. Mrs. Spike will speak for me.

I shall drop in upon you one day this week, between four and five, and we shall talk things over. We shall soon know how the land lies.

Wishing you the best of health until I see you.—Yours sincerely,

HARRIET HOPKINS

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 246.—THE DEEPWATER GIRLS AGAIN

On August 28th I set the following problem:

"Letter from Professor Goodman to Mrs. Deepwater:

'I have, as requested, made some sort of test of your daughters' literary capacities. To this end, I asked them each to name the authors of the following seven works:

(1) *The Second Meridian.*
(2) *The Life and Death of Hepzibah Creel.*
(3) *Prawns for the Proconsul.*
(4) *Flatfoot; an Anthology.*
(5) *Quousque Tandem: a Bicyclist's Compendium.*
(6) *A Pamphleteer at Bay.*
(7) *Diamonds are Trumps.*

'This request produced the following selection of answers:

(1) *The Second Meridian* was attributed to Carados by Doris and Deborah; to Traddles by Dora; to Endways by Dorothy and Diana; and to Bottledale by Daphne and Dorcas.
(2) *Hepzibah Creel*—to Bottledale, by Doris; to Knotmutch, by Diana and Dora; to Palter, by Dorothy; to Carados, by Dorcas; to Stuffisch, by Deborah; and to Endways, by Daphne.
(3) *Prawns, Etc.*—to Palter, by Deborah and Doris; to Carados, by Diana and Dora; to Knotmutch, by Daphne and Dorothy; to Endways, by Dorcas.
(4) *Flatfoot*—to Palter, by Dora, Dorcas and Diana; to Stuffisch, by Doris and Dorothy; to Traddles, by Daphne and Deborah.
(5) *Quousque Tandem*—to Bottledale, by Diana, Dora and Deborah; to Traddles, by Doris; to Carados, by Daphne and Dorothy; to Knotmutch, by Dorcas.
(6) *A Pamphleteer at Bay*—to Endways, by Doris; to Stuffisch, by Daphne and Dora; to Bottledale, by Dorothy; to Traddles, by Diana and Dorcas; to Knotmutch, by Deborah.
(7) *Diamonds are Trumps*—to Knotmutch, by Doris; to Endways, by Dora and Deborah; to Traddles, by Dorothy; to Stuffisch, by Dorcas and Diana; and to Palter, by Daphne.

'As a glance at these lists will show you, the young ladies, to a large extent, had recourse to guess-work. Each correctly named the authors of two, and only two, books.'

Assign each work to its author."

A number of competitors solved this correctly [see below]. All of them assumed—as I had myself assumed, in setting it—that each of the seven authors mentioned was responsible for one of the seven named works; and this, in the absence of an explicit statement, is a reasonable assumption. But suppose this is not the case; the problem then becomes quite a different one.

Here, then, is an interesting variant:

Given that the facts are as stated by Professor Goodman, and also that the number of named authors represented in the list of works is known to be either four or five, of which of them can the authorship be determined?

PROBLEM 243.—LITERARY.

Most competitors made *Flatfoot* their starting-point, as for this work there are only three possible authors—assuming, that is, that each book has been correctly identified by someone. Others began, more logically, with an analysis of the possible distributions of fourteen guesses.

One competitor solved the problem in five minutes. It took me a couple of hours to construct it.

There are no incorrect solutions—obviously. The list of books and authors is:

(1) *The Second Meridian*—Bottledale.
(2) *The Life and Death of Hepzibah Creel*—Knotmutch.
(3) *Prawns for the Proconsul*—Palter.
(4) *Flatfoot; an Anthology*—Stuffisch.
(5) *Quousque Tandem: a Bicyclist's Compendium*—Carados.
(6) *A Pamphleteer at Bay*—Traddles.
(7) *Diamonds are Trumps*—Endways.

PROBLEM 242.—THE INTER-HOUSE CUP

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: K. B. Pearce, 16 Castellain Mansions, W.9.

Eight points are awarded.

PROBLEM 241.—RED, WHITE AND BLUE

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: The Rev. J. K. Young, 95 Scarborough Street, West Hartlepool.

Ten points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

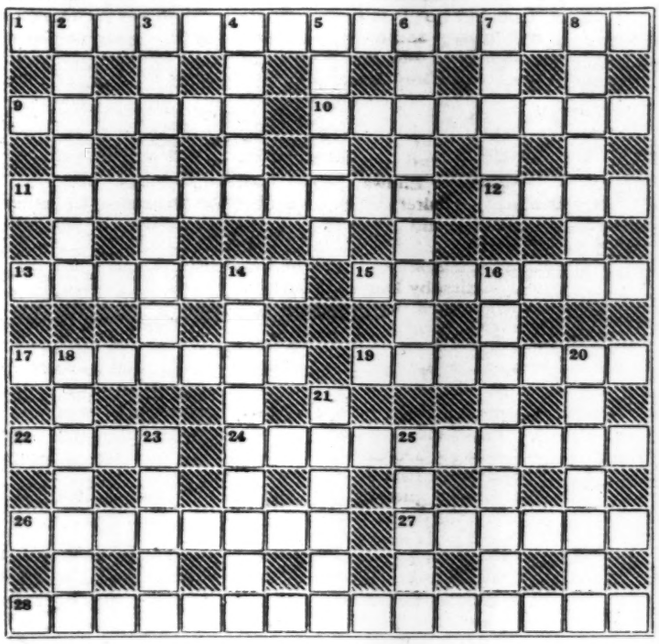
CALIBAN

THE STORRAN GALLERY is moving to new premises at 5, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, W.1, and will re-open there early in October

THE STORRAN GALLERY,
5, ALBANY COURT YARD,
PICCADILLY, W.1.

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 393

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
F. C. Geary, Corpus Christi College, Oxford

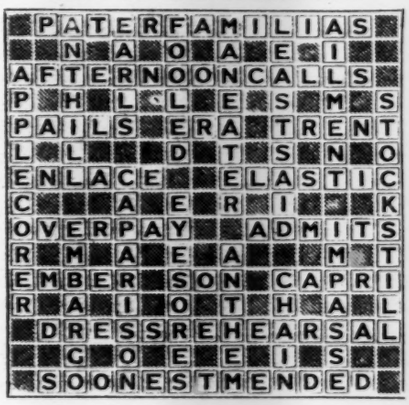
ACROSS

1. 1/8th of a glass? (15)
9. You must have a bit of a rest at Edenbridge. (6)
10. The reverse of light footed. (8)
11. 1,800 second intervals. (10)
12. A breathing space. (4)
13. Handy deception as a rule. (7)
15. In them writers find material for their pens. (7)
17. You would expect these spinners to be web-footed. (7)
19. Proper way to put things right. (7)
22. Musical atmosphere as it were. (4)
24. Describes the outlook. (10)
26. Where those that do the spade work rest at night. (8)
27. Sent by armoured post? (6)
28. The largest stringed instrument. (15)

DOWN

2. Object of the soccer forwards. (7)
3. Madness caused by absence? (9)
4. The converse of finish off. (5)
5. Puncture marks entertainly made by the soldiery. (6)
6. Artificial talk of neat ropes. (9)
7. Perfect hands I hand out. (5)
8. Not at all a possessive person. (7)
14. Accelerator of pre-motoring days. (9)
16. This island is not on the windward side of the Leeward Islands. (9)
18. 17's fly trap. (7)
20. Gather together prayerfully. (7)
21. It's Ada in disguise. (6)
23. He ought to be able to learn easily. (5)
25. He came of a feud-al family in Verona. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



The demand for CAPSTAN
increases daily—say W. D. & H. O. WILLS

"Indubitably, Muntgumery, it DO!"

WILLS'S CAPSTAN CIGARETTES.
10 FOR 6d. 20 FOR 11½d.

W. D. & H. O. Wills Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. C.C.592 H

OCT 7 1937